The 11 Hotels That Are Reinventing Farm-to-Table p.49

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WILL TRAVEL FOR FOOD

the best way to know a culture is to taste it

CUBA
YOU CAN GO NOW (AND YOU SHOULD)
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ITALY
OUR GUIDE TO ITS MOST UNDERRATED CITY
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KOREA
WHY HAVEN'T YOU EATEN THIS YET?
p.80

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THE FOOD ISSUE

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THE NEXT WAVE

One chef is living his dream in Kauai. Why aren't the rest of us?

by CHRIS COLIN



KYLE JOHNSON



memorable entrance or memorable exit?
"i love a good takeoff." — frankie

kate spade
NEW YORK

MAY

THE FOOD ISSUE



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LATER I THOUGHT . . .

A California chef with Korean roots goes Seoul-searching.

by RUSSELL MOORE

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SI COCINAS COMO CAMINAS . . .

It s easier than ever to get to Cuba. But what do you eat once you're there?

by DAVID VEGA

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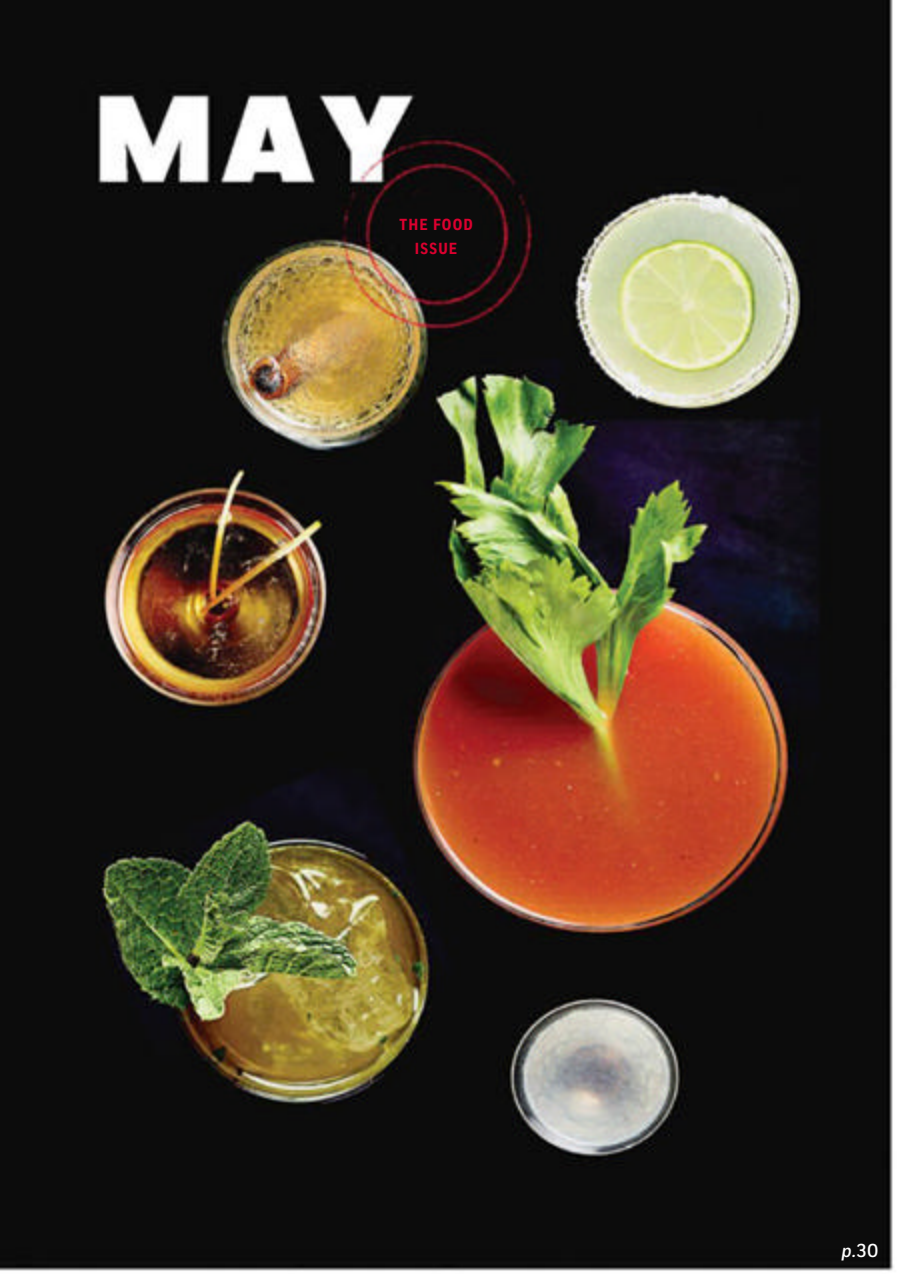
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ANDREW ROWAT

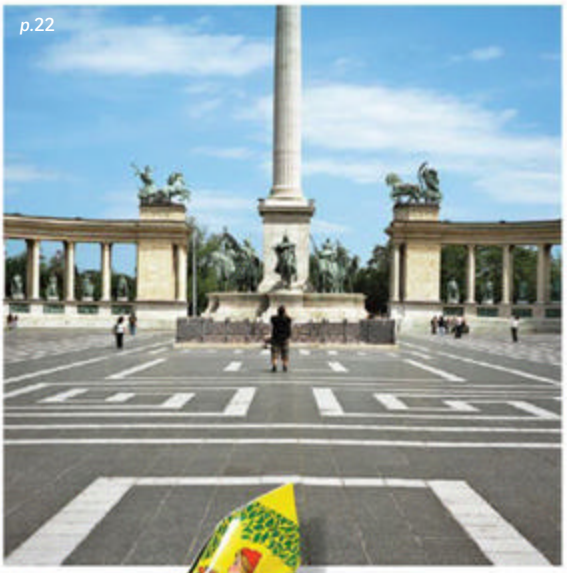

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These chocolate-covered wafers are Russia's nutty answer to the Kit Kat. p.28



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Turkey's lavish breakfasts are the best reason to get out of bed in the morning.

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Chef Daniel Patterson is awed by Bogotá's art and history. The food? Well, did we mention the art?

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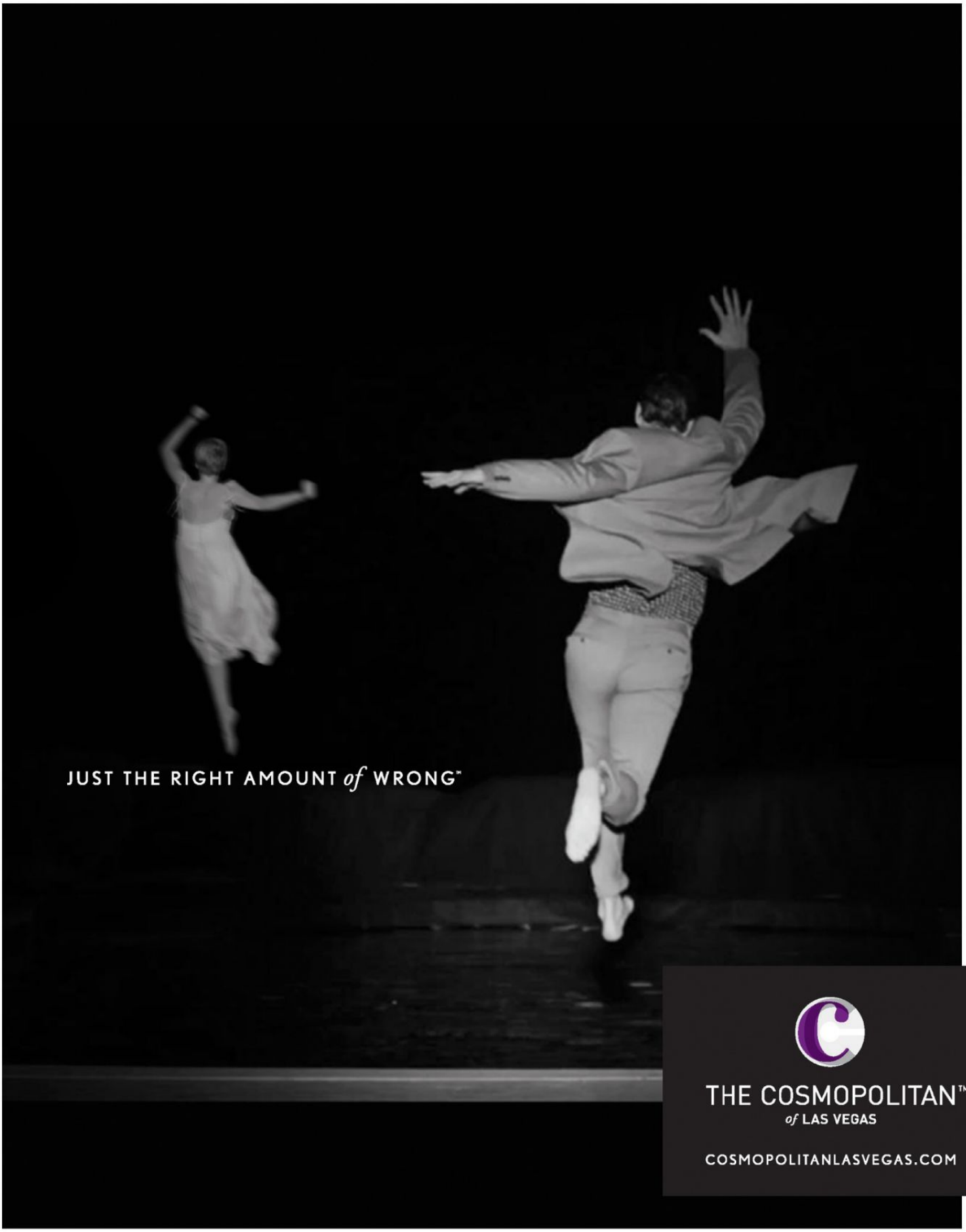
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The 19 rules you need to know to drink, snack, bar-hop, and karaoke well no matter where you go (including the sky).

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ON THE COVER
Grilled yellow croaker with kimchi was just one of the many Korean dishes chef Russell Moore tried during a trip through his ancestral homeland (page 80).

Photograph by Andrew Rowat

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: COURTESY OF DRY COCKTAILS & PIZZA, JAMES LEIGHTON/GALLERY STOCK, JEFFERY CROSS, COURTESY OF FELLAH HOTEL



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FOUNDER'S NOTE



A New Day for Cuba

ON JANUARY 15, the United States revised its Cuba travel restrictions. Two days later, my business partner, Joe Diaz, and I were in Havana.

I had been to Cuba in 2002, and I was eager to see how it had changed and talk to locals about what was happening. One thing that hasn't changed is that there still really are two Cubas: that of ordinary Cubans and that of travelers and employees of foreign companies. We visited the shops where Cubans get their monthly allowances of staples such as beans, rice, eggs, and chicken. Typical Cubans make $15 to $40 per month, quite a disparity from the wealth of visiting travelers.

In the past, tourists were steered toward government-owned restaurants and hotels. Now there is more tolerance for *casas particulares* private guesthouses like Señora Xiomara's, near Plaza Vieja, where Joe and I stayed, and *paladares* private restaurants like Doña Eutimia, where we enjoyed delicious *ropa vieja* (meat stew).

Life for Cubans is changing in exciting ways. We met a restaurant manager who is one of the country's new entrepreneurs. The government is loosening restrictions on private businesses, and this man and his wife had just opened a yoga studio and bought another home to rent out to travelers. "The influx of American travelers is going to provide enormous opportunities for our people," he said. "We have some skepticism about what our government will allow, but it is hard to see how this will not lead to long-term and fundamental changes throughout our country."

I would encourage any traveler to visit Cuba, but I don't think you need to rush to catch it before "everything changes." For one thing, Cuba, like any destination, is always changing. For another, practical challenges remain for travelers from the United States. I recommend booking through experienced travel advisors, such as Lauren Maggard from our Travel Advisory Council (lauren.maggard@afar.com), who can help navigate the myriad issues that you wouldn't face in most other destinations.

Change will not happen overnight. But there is a sense that a new era is beginning. I can't wait to see what Cuba becomes.

GOOD TRAVELS,

Greg Sullivan
Cofounder & CEO

Photographer João Canziani went to Cuba soon after I did. His photo essay on the food scene starts on page 92.

photograph by JEFFERY CROSS


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WHAT DISH WOULD YOU TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO EAT AGAIN?

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FOUNDERS GREG SULLIVAN & JOE DIAZ

ALPACA STEAK
"I tried it near Peru's Colca Canyon, where you go to see condors. Alpacas: so cute, so tender. At least I didn't eat a condor."
—J.S.

KOUIGN-AMANN
"I ate my first kouign-amann *in Finistère, the French region that claims to be the birthplace of the caramelized butter-bombs."*
—A.G.

BISTECCA ALLA FIORENTINA
"Thick and charred on glowing coals, the bistecca alla fiorentina *at Florence's Trattoria Sostanza was the best steak I've ever eaten."*
—D.W.

GAZPACHO
"My father's gazpacho Andaluz *with* jamón ibérico *is my gold standard—every time I see that dish on a menu, I hope it will compare."*
—J.D.

EDITORIAL

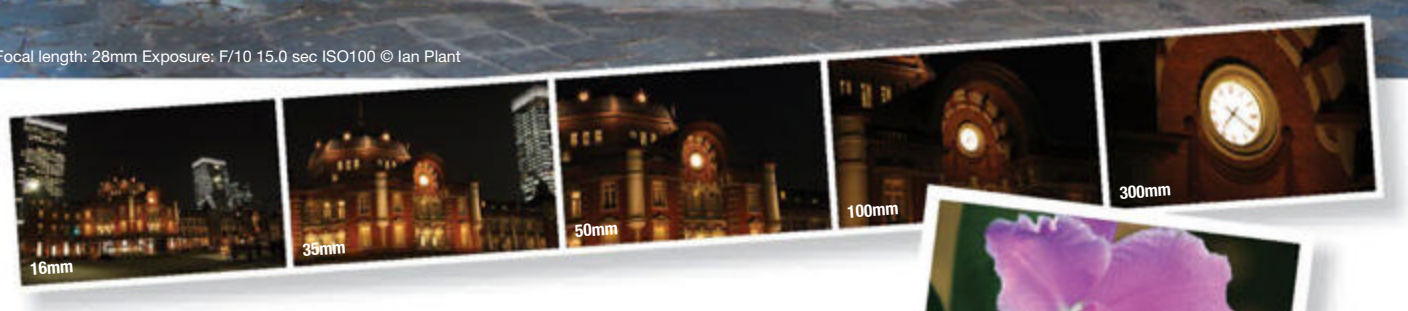
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CONTRIBUTING WRITERS	Lisa Abend @lisaabend
	Chris Colin @chriscolin3000
	Tom Downey @tjdnewyork
	David Farley @davidfarley
	Emma John @em_john
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Focal length: 28mm Exposure: F/10 15.0 sec ISO100 © Ian Plant





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WHAT DISH WOULD YOU TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO EAT AGAIN?

BEDOUIN BBQ
"In Wadi Rum, Jordan, I feasted on zarb, *a traditional bedouin roast of lamb, chicken, and veggies cooked under the desert sand."*
—B.K.

FOUNDERS GREG SULLIVAN & JOE DIAZ

EXECUTIVE VP, PUBLISHER Ellen Asmodeo-Giglio
ellen@afar.com, 646-430-9884

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Bryan Kinkade
bryan@afar.com, 646-873-6136

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, MARKETING Maggie Gould
maggie@afar.com, 646-430-9879

SALES

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, SALES Barry Brown
barry@afar.com, 646-430-9881

WEST COAST SALES DIRECTOR Onnalee MacDonald
onnalee@afar.com, 310-779-5648

EAST COAST SALES DIRECTOR Katherine Kneier
katherine@afar.com, 646-430-9877

LUXURY SALES DIRECTOR Kate Hornsby
khornsby@afar.com, 646-213-4840

SALES, SOUTHEAST Colleen Schoch Morell
colleen@afar.com, 561-586-6671

SALES, MIDWEST Focus Marketing & Media
focusmm@afar.com, 248-909-5430

SALES, SOUTHWEST Lewis Stafford Company
lewisstafford@afar.com, 972-960-2889

SALES, CENTRAL/SOUTH AMERICA Fernando Mandri Bellot, Integra Tourism for Good
fmandri@integra-tourism.com
52/(01) 55-11509532

SALES, INDIA Faredoon Kuka, RMA Media
kuka@rmamedia.com, 91/(0) 22-29253735

SALES, MEXICO Lourdes Berho Corona, Alchemia
lberho@alchemia.com.mx, 52/(01) 55-50040490

AFAR EXCHANGE MANAGER Michaela Trimble
michaela@afar.com, 646-430-9880

MARKETING & CREATIVE SERVICES

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HERBED DUCK NECK
"I would go for the duck neck served in a wooden duck at Mugaritz in Errenteria, Spain."
—M.G.

ESCONDIDINHO DE CAMARÃO
"In Rio de Janeiro, I loved escondidinho de camarão, *shrimp cooked with cassava and coconut milk."*
—M.T.

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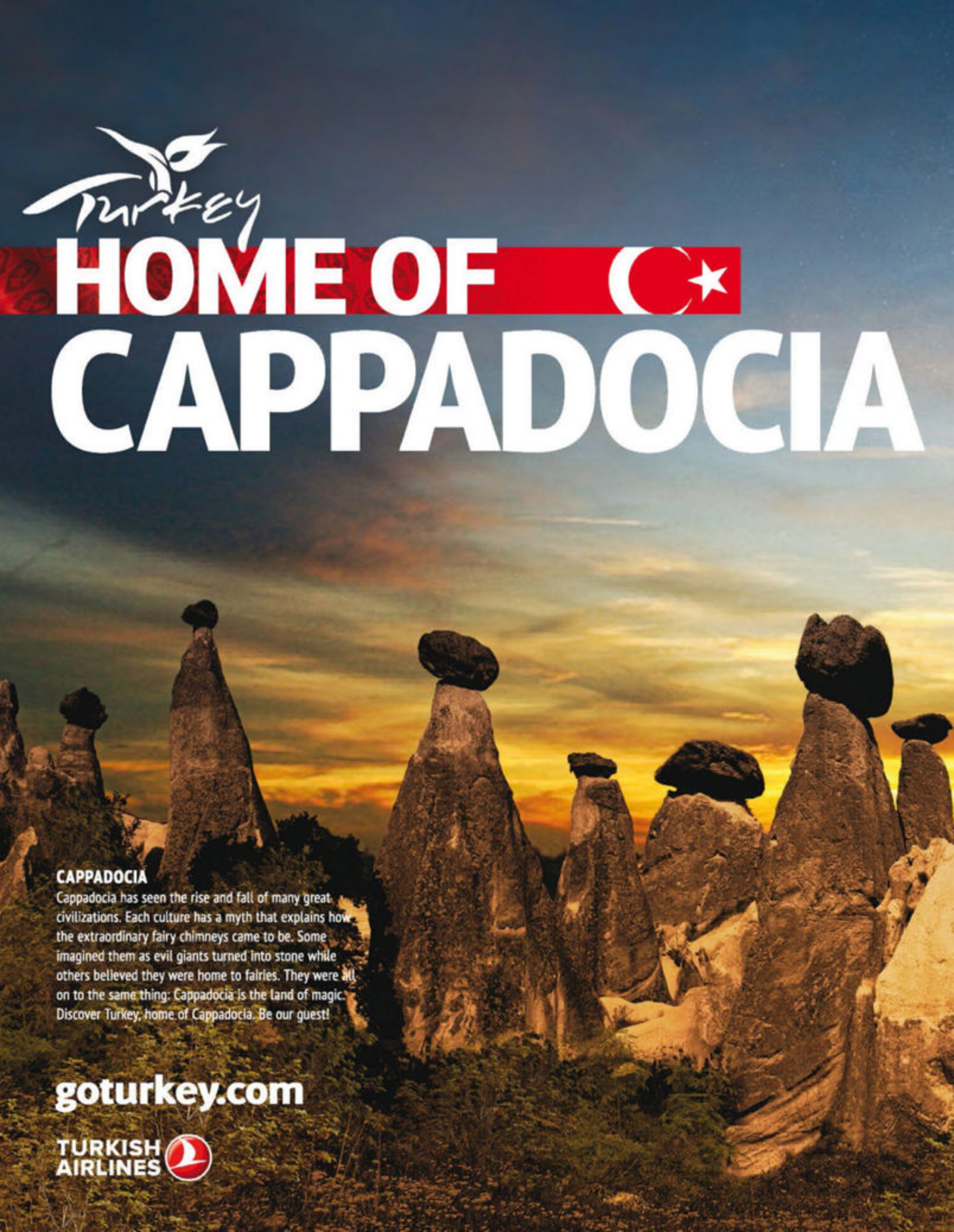
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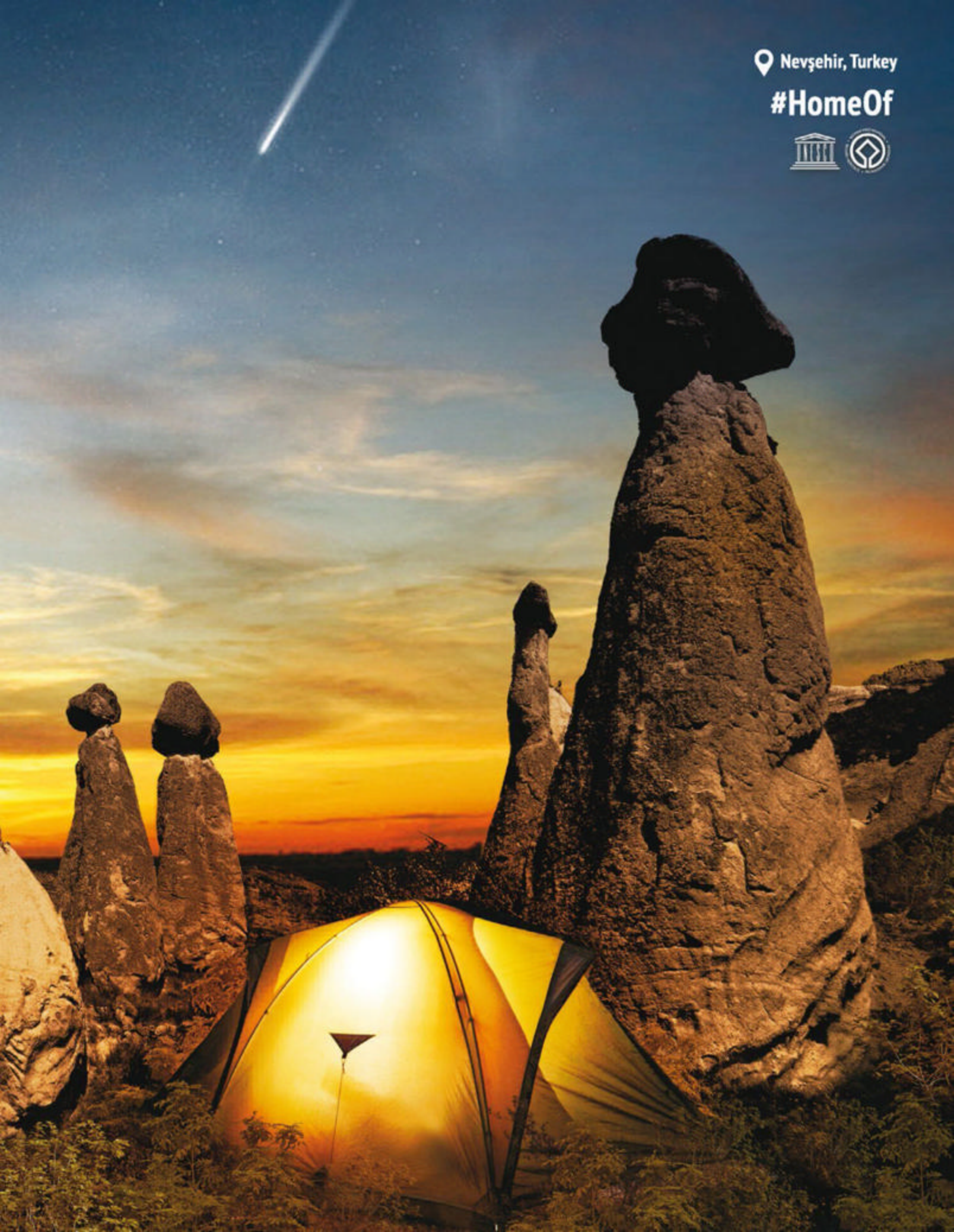


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ANDREW ROWAT
Photographer
"Later I Thought, OK, I Shouldn't Have . . ." *p.*80

Grill talk: "A lot of people associate Korean food with barbecue—this one-note meat cuisine—but it's more often a table covered with 15 small dishes." **How Korean chefs work out:** "I hadn't realized what a full-contact sport it is to make kimchi. One day, we found this guy mixing 40 pounds of it with just his hands and he was sweating buckets." **Check out his next food mission:** On Instagram @andrewrowat.



SHAHNAZ HABIB
Writer
"Wake-Up Call"
*p.*55

Turkish delight: "While researching breakfast in Turkey, we stayed with a Kurdish family in Urfa, a city near the Syrian border. They weren't wealthy—they raised sheep—but every morning they made this delicious flatbread that we would spread with tahini and *pekmaz*, grape extract. The pekmaz was so good, we carried a bottle back to New York." **Explore her fashion leanings:** On Twitter @laundrylitmag.



JOÃO CANZIANI
Photographer
"Si Cocinas Como Caminas . . ." *p.*92

Taking on Cuba: "The country has been shot so much, so I tried to avoid the stereotypical scenes." **How he got those portraits:** "It takes finesse. I saw a man dressed in white having a drink at a bar [page 100]. I started shooting without asking and he was a little defensive—until I charmed him a bit. Then he told us he was a musician and invited us to a show." **See the outtakes:** On Instagram @joaocanziani.



DANIEL PATTERSON
Writer
"Bogotá Begins Again"
*p.*60

Bogotá through the eyes of a chef: "When locals talk about food, they talk about altitudes, not seasons, as the city's weather doesn't change much." **Get a taste of his trip:** "I fell in love with *arepas*, traditional Colombian corn cakes. I'm starting a fast food chain called Loco'l with chef Roy Choi, and when I came back I said, 'We have to do something with arepas.'" **Find out what else he'll serve:** On Twitter @dcpatterson.



KYLE JOHNSON
Photographer
"The Next Wave"
*p.*102

His white-knuckle moment: "I took a doorless helicopter ride to get aerial shots of Kauai. The views—coastal cliffs, green forests, red canyons—were worth confronting the seat-gripping fear." **Hot dog:** "We made multiple runs to Puka Dog, where they wrap a Polish hot dog in a Hawaiian roll and top it with mustard." **Peruse his more grounded exploits:** On Instagram @kjphotos1022.

JOÃO CANZIANI



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CURIOUS TRAVELERS ONLY

While neon is a relatively new (again) trend in the fashion world, this McCraw's taffy has been rocking the Day-Glo look since 1908.

Made in Denver, the taffy has recently resurfaced in retro candy stores and is nearly impossible to miss—just keep an eye out for the

nearly foot-long strip wrapped in wax paper. Turn to page 28 for a mix of equally iconic, and oddball, candies from around the world.

photograph by JEFFERY CROSS



"At night, the **Chain Bridge** is lit up. It's gorgeous but funny: They turn off the lights at midnight, so one second you're staring at the bridge, the next it's gone."







PAUL FEIG'S

BUDAPEST

When *Bridesmaids* director Paul Feig was writing his new film, ***Spy*** (starring Melissa McCarthy, out May 22), he initially planned for it to take place throughout Europe. Then he visited Budapest. He was so charmed that he rewrote the film to be based in the Hungarian capital, which he called home for six months during production. **"It really is the Paris of Eastern Europe,"** he says. "It's just that insanely stunning."

by ANDREW RICHDALE

HOME SWEET HOTEL

"While I was there, I lived in the **Four Seasons Gresham Palace**. I felt like Eloise in the Plaza. It's one of my favorite hotels ever, with fantastic service and a convenient location in District V. It was fun seeing who would pass through. I'd spot bodyguards and think *Who's that? Oh, just the president of Turkey.* The building used to be an old insurance company and got beat up during World War II. I loved the bar downstairs, where you'll find a piano player, an art nouveau design, and one of the best martinis I've ever had."



"I became addicted to **Erős Pista, a paprika paste**. I'd add it to every bowl of goulash to make it screaming hot. I still have friends bringing it back for me."

YOUR WALKING TOUR

"I'm not into being naked in front of other people, so I skipped the famous healing baths. I took long walks to stay healthy instead. I'd start at the Gresham Palace, go over the Chain Bridge, and then crisscross over additional bridges along the Danube. From there, I'd hike up to **Castle Hill** *(pictured)*—there's also a funicular—or walk down **Andrássy Avenue**, a popular shopping street, and end in **Heroes' Square**, where you'll find the big museums, public parks, and summer concerts."



"I loved **antique shopping on Falk Miksa Street**, particularly because I collect walking sticks. I use them while I direct. I amassed over 40 in Budapest. I just have a thing for old affectations."

For more can't-miss spots, go to afar.com/visit/budapest.



WHEN HE WASN'T WORKING

"We worked French hours there, which—let me tell you—are awesome. Instead of a long lunch break, we'd get off in time to enjoy the city's restaurants. One of my favorites was **Costes**, which serves modern Hungarian food with a touch of French influence. I also loved the Bordeaux-like **Cuvée 5 from local winery Sauska**. Their bottles come in grades: the lower the number, the higher the quality."

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FLORIAN JAENICKE/LAIF/REDUX; CATHERINE KARNOW, COURTESY OF COSTES; ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM KERR

IT IS ONLY WHEN WE FORGET ALL OUR LEARNING
THAT WE BEGIN TO KNOW — *HENRY DAVID THOREAU*









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Preproduction model shown. Available late Spring 2015.
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Tell your guests that this groovy marbled plate is terra-cotta and was made in Paris.

If you've dined at the Nomad Hotel in New York City, you've eaten off these

Yes, that is a dancing chicken, from Finnish brand Iittala's new Tansii (dance) line.

HOT PLATES

These **dishes from around the world** are something to feast your eyes on.

by ANDREW RICHDALE

1, 8 Hermès, $120, $100, *hermes.com* **2, 5, 7** Mondays, $40, $65, $55, *mondaysbk.com* **3, 10** Jono Pandolfi, $25, $14, *jonopandolfi.com* **4** Mondays by Blue Hill, $50, *bluehillfarm.com* **6** Iitalla, $35, *iittala.com* **9** Roberto Cavalli, $90, *us.amara.com* **11** John Derian by Astier de Villatte, $116, *johnderian.com* **12** Lynn Mahon, price available on request, *lynnmahon.com*

photograph by JEFFERY CROSS



IT IS NOT THE CRITIC
WHO COUNTS;

THE CREDIT BELONGS
TO THE MAN WHO IS
ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA,

WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY;

WHO ERRS, WHO COMES
SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN;

WHO KNOWS
GREAT ENTHUSIASMS;

WHO SPENDS HIMSELF
IN A WORTHY CAUSE;

WHO AT THE BEST
KNOWS IN THE END

THE TRIUMPH OF
HIGH ACHIEVEMENT,

AND WHO AT THE WORST,

IF HE FAILS,
AT LEAST FAILS
WHILE DARING GREATLY.

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1

SHELVE IT

If you opt for open shelving, "arrangements should be visually pleasing but also practical," says Abigail Turin from the design firm KallosTurin. **"You want to create a looseness of objects."** Here, the designers used a mix of new brass serving dishes and vintage ceramics from the San Telmo flea market and local antique shops.

2

LEAF OUT

If shelves are for pastries and tableware in this café, where do the books go? In addition to filling the adjacent library and bookshop run by Casa Cavia's in-house publisher, Ampersand, they're also dangling from above. "**We hung books from the ceiling for a whimsical effect** and as a way to hide access panels and AC units," Turin says. She and cofounder Stephania Kallos scoured local stores to find the more than 300 antique books.

3

RESPECT THE PAST

"When working with a beautiful, classic building, go with a pared-down palette," Turin says. "In the café, we used green and brass as our pop elements. They accent rather than overwhelm the original 1920s arches and moldings." The green also mirrors the park outside, and the brass and marble are a nod to materials used in Buenos Aires cafés and restaurants of the '20s and '30s.

STEAL THE LOOK

HOUSE PARTY

Casa Cavia, a new cultural hub in Buenos Aires's Palermo Chico neighborhood, is a one-stop shop for everything from flowers to perfumes by scent wizard Julian Bedel. Locals also linger over *cortados* at the all-day café. Can't join them? **Introduce a little Argentine flair into your home** with tips from the designers behind the project. *casacavia.com*

by JEN MURPHY

COURTESY OF CASA CAVIA





IT IS BETTER TO FAIL IN ORIGINALITY THAN
TO SUCCEED IN IMITATION — *HERMAN MELVILLE*









THE NEW ATS-V
#DAREGREATLY

Cadillac
DARE GREATLY

Preproduction model shown. Available late Spring 2015.
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CANDY LANDS

From this spread of jellies, chocolate bars, and bonbons, one global truth emerges: We all crave a good sugar rush.

photograph by JEFFERY CROSS




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Netherlands
Jordan
Palestine
Norway
Croatia
Sweden
Finland
Iceland
Iceland
Ukraine
England
Belgium
Kjekssjokolade
KVIKK LUNSJ
Daim
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ELTT SETT
SÍRÍUSLENGJA OG LAKKRÍSBORÐI
OPAL
Fudge
25p
Konafetto



The Duomo

JUST SAY YES TO MILANO

This month, artists, chefs, and brainiacs from 140 countries converge in Milan for the 2015 World Expo—essentially the Olympics of thought. Other new arrivals? A palatial hotel, pizza bars crawling with *bellissimo* locals, and more shopping imperatives than there are hours in the day.

by ANDREW RICHDALE

JOEL MICAH MILLER/GALLERY STOCK


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Your Shopping Game Plan

There are almost more boutiques around the Duomo than there are pigeons. Because you're going to want to budget your time instead of your cash, we've mapped out **an attack plan for the stores you just can't miss.**

10 AM
Start at **Deus Ex Machina**, a motorcycle store in an alley full of them, whose café is the perfect spot for a cappuccino and soft scrambled eggs while you ogle the Ducatis. *deuscafe.it*

11 AM
The avant-garde interiors of **10 Corso Como** match the mod, edgy clothes—everything from kaleidoscopic Ferragamo sandals to python-skin Margiela wallets. *10corsocomo.com*

12:30 PM
Work your way from **Excelsior**'s top floors (slinky Chloé dresses, Balmain leather jackets) to the main floor (watches, speakers, a sea of colorful iPad cases), then down to the subterranean floors for the impressive wine shop and restaurants. *excelsiormilano.com*

3 PM
Local designer **Yobe** names men's and women's frames after glamorous, made-up personalities. Pentagonal lenses are Dorothy's trademark; Debbie's are round. *yobe.it*

4 PM
Italians love their fragrances. At **Profumo**, you'll find scents for anyone and any home. Notes range from the classic (fig, cedar) to the absurd (one candle smells just like lipstick). *profumomilano.com*

5 PM
You're a short walk from the **Bulgari Hotel**. Get a massage from one of the spa's gifted therapists. After, hit the restaurant for cocktails and hissing-hot arancini in Milan's most beautiful garden. *bulgarihotels.com*



THE PRIX FIXE

When in Italy, pretty much any pasta is a solid option for your primo. **Here's a cheat sheet for your other three Italian courses.**

ANTIPASTO
Try offbeat ***fritti*** varieties such as *salvia* (sage) and *fiori di zucca* (zucchini flowers).

SECONDO
Cassoeula, a rich, slow-cooked casserole, contains celery, onion, and pork bits and generally is served with polenta.

DOLCE
Charlotte alla Milanese is a boozy apple pie. Apples simmered in white wine are poured into a bready rum-soaked crust.



Instead of Como

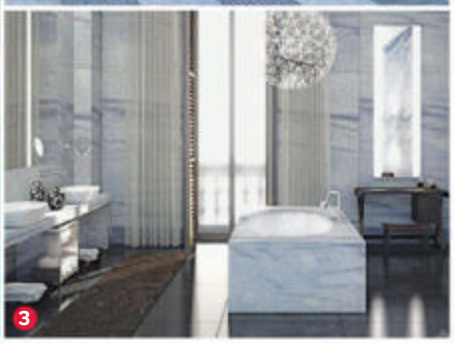
It may not have George Clooney in swim trunks (win, Lake Como) but **Lake Orta** and the shoreline town of Orta San Giulio does have green mountains, glittering forested shores, and a tourist-free scene of Italians in repose.

Less than an hour drive north of Milan's Malpensa airport, **it's easily doable as a day trip**. Zip up for lunch at one of the exceptional enotecas that line the water, such as Al Bouec, where fine barolos are served in a 500-year-old candlelit cavern. **Or spend a few days in the sun at Villa Crespi** (*from $700, hotelvillacrespi.it*), a 14th-century Moorish compound with a hammam and front-row seats to the real attraction: that lake.

BOTTOM LEFT: TRACY GRAHAM; COURTESY OF EXCELSIOR MILANO (3), 10 CORSO COMO (3), DEUS EX MACHINA (3), BULGARI HOTELS, PROFUMO MILANO. RIGHT, FROM TOP: ©ROBYNMAC/ISTOCK PHOTO, JONKMANNS/LAIF/REDUX







The Sleep Spectrum

From classic accommodations to rooms tricked out with high-tech comforts, **there's a centrally located hotel for every taste in Milan**—ordered here along a handy scale.

Old School → **New School**

1 THE PRINCIPE DI SAVOIA
This still-sparkling hotel opened in 1927. The only clues that it lived through a world war are the epic chandeliers, hand-painted frescoes, and proper yes-sir-yes-ma'am service. *From $320, dorchestercollection.com*

2 PARK HYATT
For starters, it's surrounded by the Milan's best shopping. Plus, rooms are like lived-in palaces, with blown-glass lamps and a bounty of Italian marble. Splurge on a balcony suite. *From $560, milan.park.hyatt.com*

3 MANDARIN ORIENTAL
At the MO, opening this month, enjoy alfresco feasts in the courtyard terrace and plush suites with glass walls that go from clear to opaque with the push of a button. *From $800, mandarinoriental.com/milan*

The theme of EXPO MILANO 2015 is sustainable food; international scientists, chefs and documentarians will share ideas on how to feed the world without destroying it.

DRINK THIS!

God Bless Americanos

The true mystery of the Americano, named after U.S. expats in 1930s Milan, is that something so satisfying can be so easy to make. A chromosome away from the Negroni, **the drink is complexly bitter but refreshing**, just a tad sweet, and calls for only two boozes. We say, don't wait for your trip to Milan. Head outdoors with a pitcher this summer.

HOW TO MAKE IT
1 part Campari
1 part Carpano Antica Formula vermouth (Buy the smaller 375 ml bottles, as it spoils quickly.)
Soda water
An orange twist

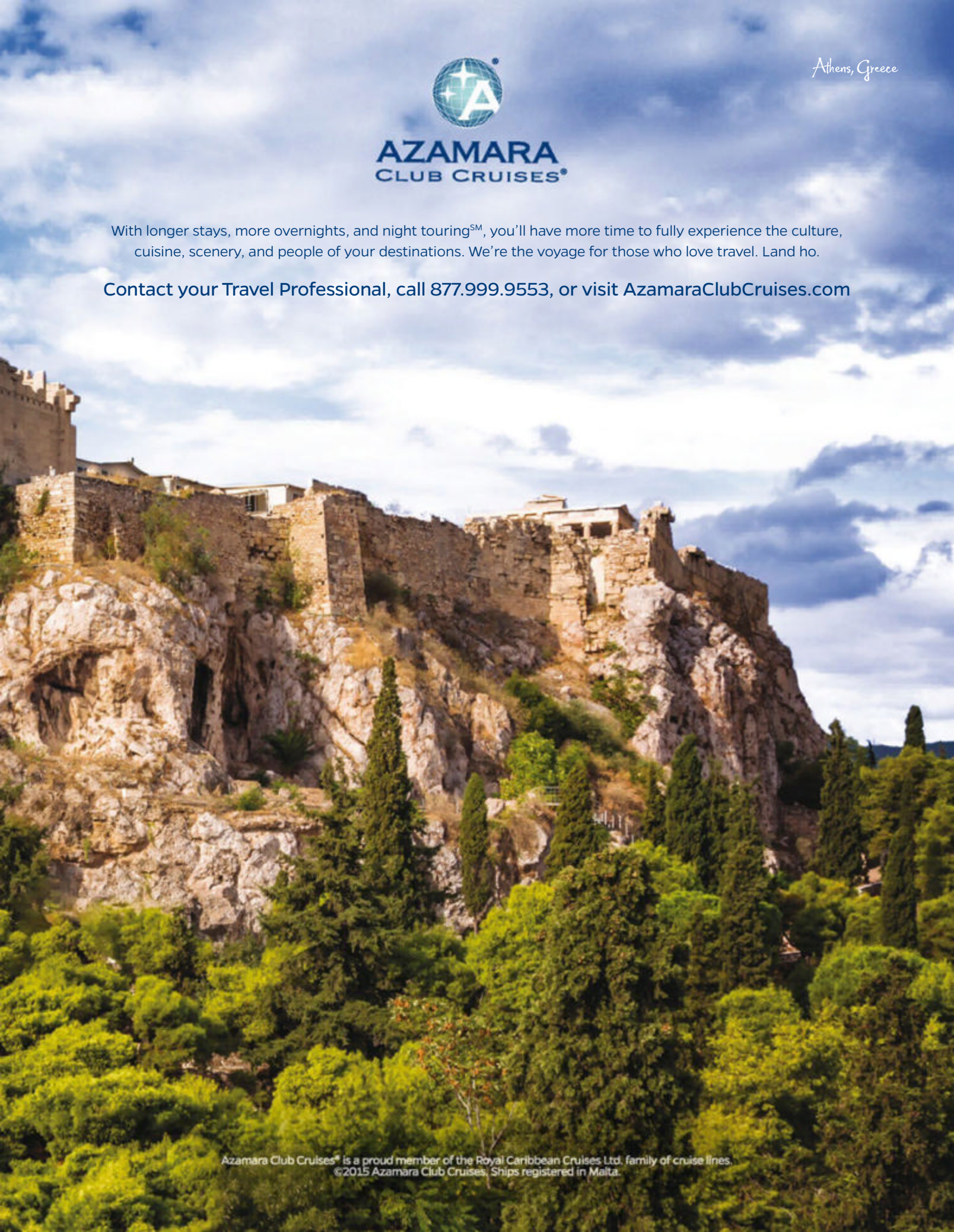
Mix the Campari and vermouth. Add splashes of soda to your taste. Top with an orange twist.



WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT
Half the fun of going to **Dry, a late-night bar and pizza joint** in the buzzy neighborhood of Moscova, is the democratically cool crowd: young artists, gray-mustachioed men, and members of the fashion illuminati. The other half is the cocktail menu (good news for lovers of whiskey) and **bubbly pizza pies** from the two-Michelin-star chef.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF PRINCIPE DE SAVOIA, COURTESY OF PARK HYATT MILANO, COURTESY OF MANDARIN ORIENTAL, MILAN; INGALLS PHOTOGRAPHY; HAND LETTERING BY ALEX PALOMINO


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A DALLAS REVIVAL

Along **Lowest Greenville Avenue**, new restaurants and specialty shops have transformed what was once Dallas's rowdiest stretch into the city's most pedestrian-friendly neighborhood.

by JORDAN BREAL



1

FOUNTAIN of COOL

Restaurateur Elias Pope now presides over three of Lowest Greenville's freshest ventures, including the new **Remedy**, a modern soda fountain that serves such twists on diner classics as confit-fried chicken and salted Texas honey pie. *2010B Greenville Ave.*

2

WORTH A SPIN

At **Good Records**, the delight of unsheathing a new (or old) LP trumps the convenience of buying digital tracks. Staffers will turn you on to the best new bands, many of which come to jam on the Astroturf-covered stage. *1808 Greenville Ave.*

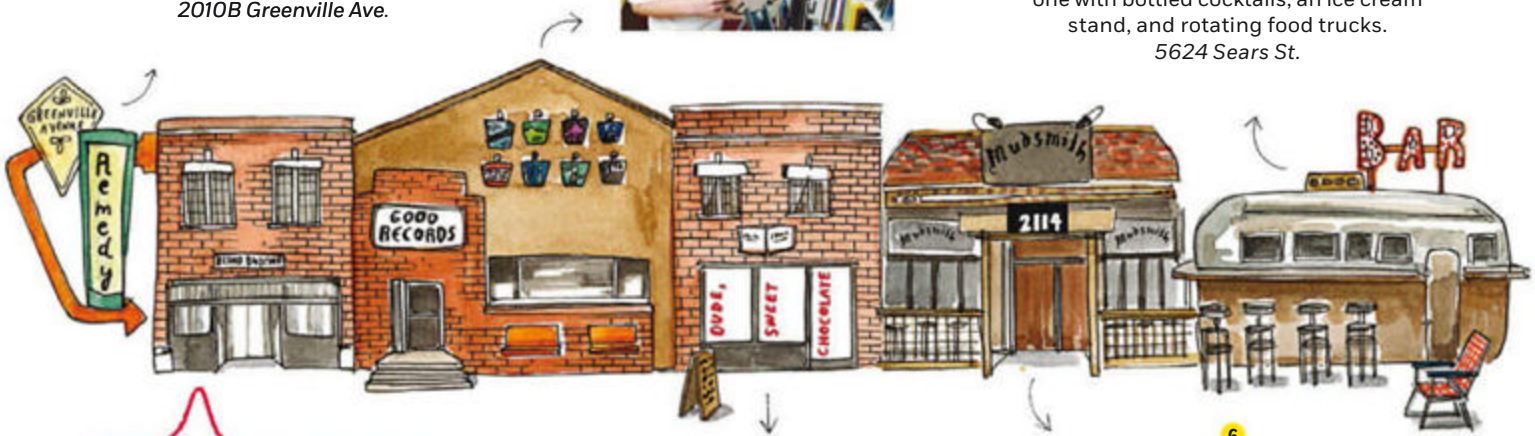




3

URBAN PICNIC

Dallasites make the most of their nearly year-round patio season. At **Truck Yard**, with its tree-house bar and mismatched lawn chairs, things are as laid back as a trailer-park potluck—one with bottled cocktails, an ice cream stand, and rotating food trucks. *5624 Sears St.*



4

PLAY ALL DAY

"Lowest Greenville is the ultimate walkable neighborhood again, just as it was when the 1920s-era storefronts were built. Now there's such a mix of shops and restaurants that you can park your car at 11 a.m. and not leave until midnight. Come to **Blind Butcher** (*1919 Greenville Ave.*) for craft beers and stay for a dinner of poutine and boudin sausage. We opened in what had been a wild place called Service Bar, and I'm proud to say we have eliminated all memory of that club."
—Matt Tobin, co-owner of Blind Butcher



5

SUGAR MAMA

At **Dude, Sweet Chocolate**, pastry chef Katherine Clapner whips up confections that straddle the sweet-savory divide, from porcini-infused toffee and truffles tinged with blue cheese to liquor-laced potions to mix into cocktails. Bonus: There's a sampling station. *1925 Greenville Ave.*

6

THE COFFEE HUNT IS OVER

Housed in a former nightclub, **Mudsmith** is now a café with a hunting lodge vibe (wood-paneled walls, taxidermy animals) and a menu that satisfies the health conscious (kombucha on tap) and the self-indulgent (cheese melts, shaved ice with cream). *2114 Greenville Ave.*



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF KEVIN MARPLE/REMEDY, MICHAEL AINSWORTH/*DALLAS MORNING NEWS*, EMILY KERRIGAN, STEPHANIE KUO, COURTESY OF DUDE, SWEET CHOCOLATE

illustrations by WENDY MACNAUGHTON

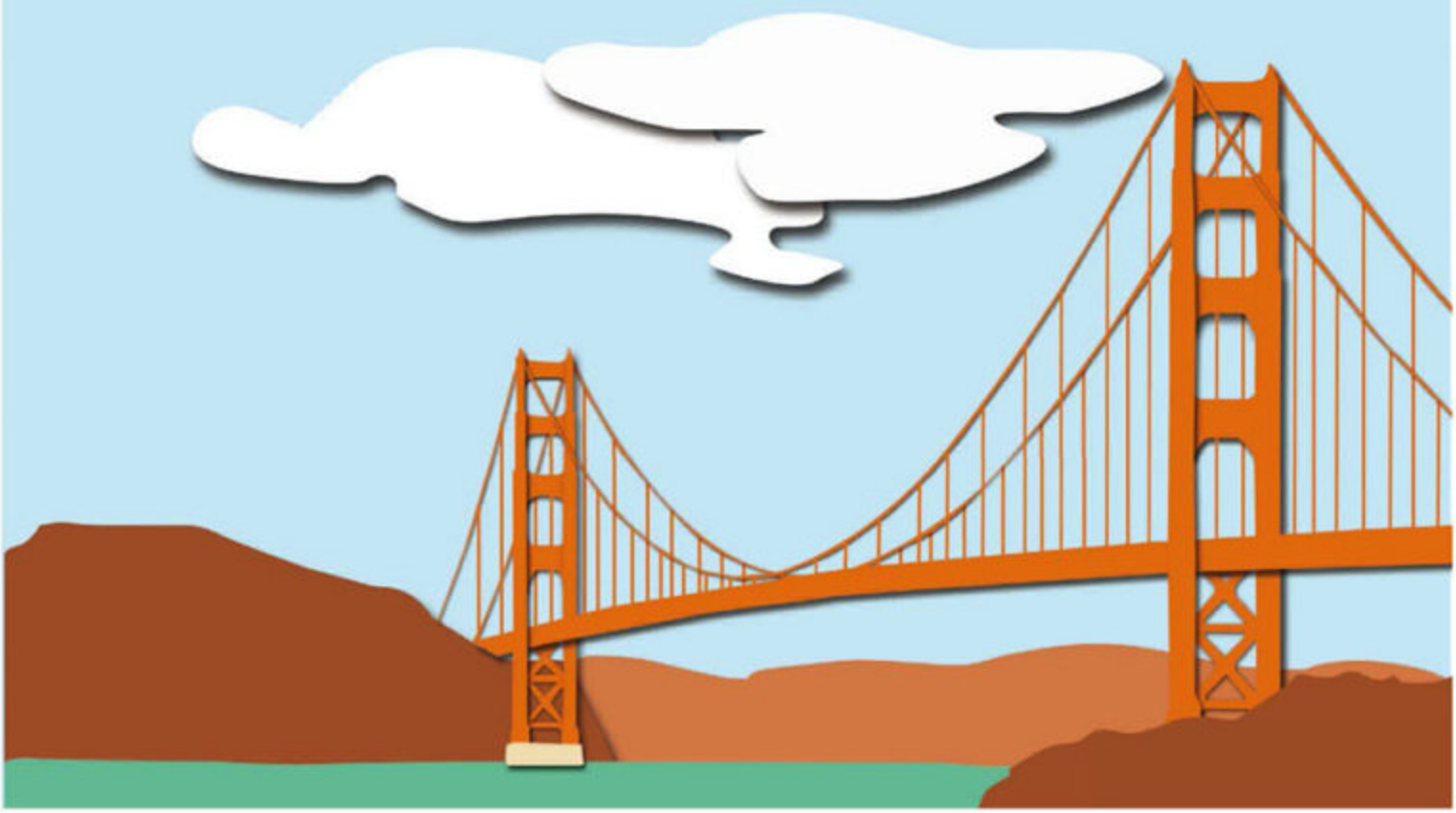
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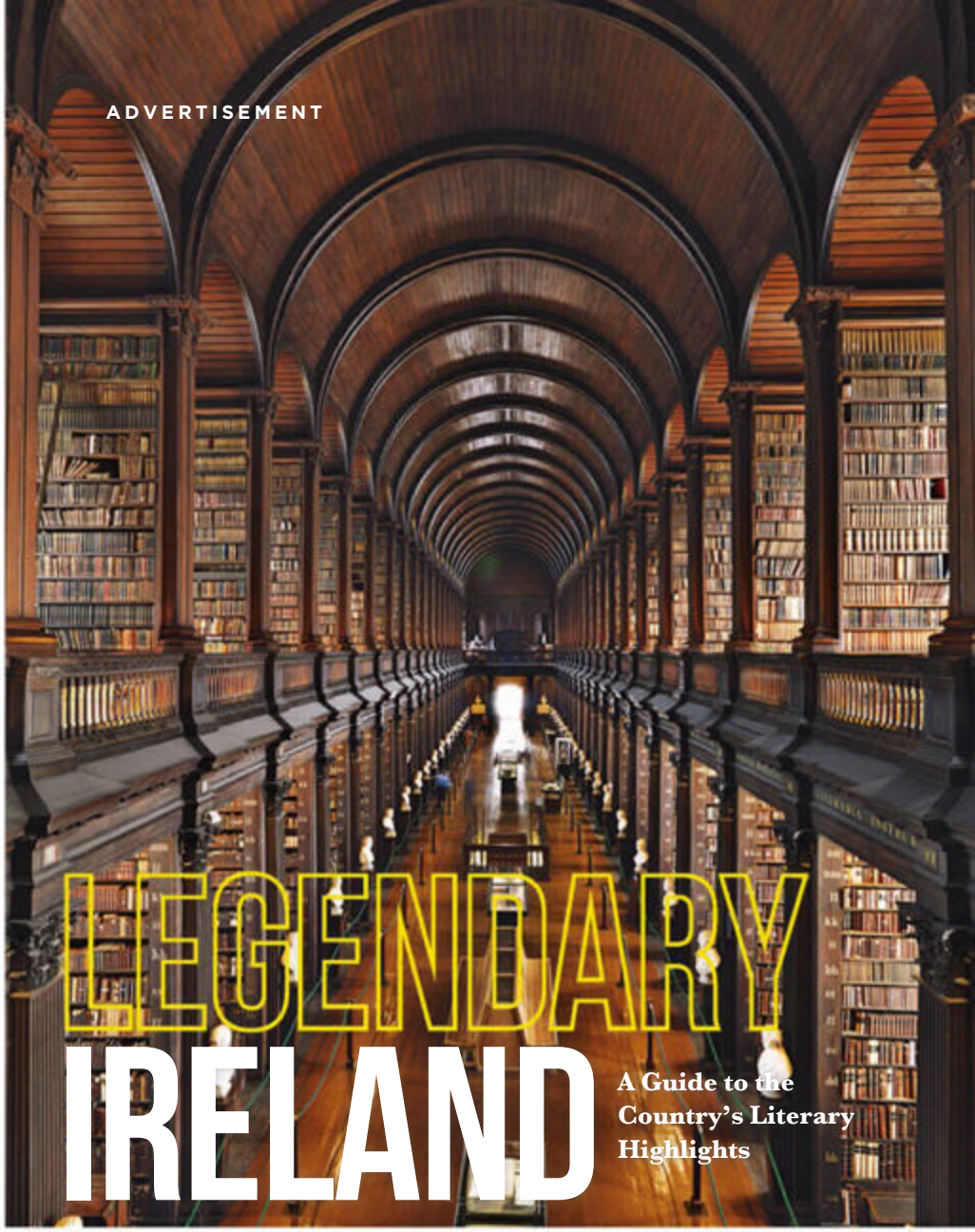


Dunluce Castle in County Antrim



The magnificent Long Room at Trinity College Dublin's Library houses 200,000 books

Sweny's Pharmacy, where Leopold Bloom bought lemon soap



LEGENDARY IRELAND

A Guide to the Country's Literary Highlights

Ireland is a land of ancient bards and modern masters. Its literary tradition includes illuminated manuscripts and fairytales passed down through the ages as well as contemporary writers like James Joyce and Samuel Beckett—pivotal figures not just for Irish culture, but for literature everywhere.

- **Trinity College, Dublin.** Many of Ireland's most famous writers studied here, while its library is the permanent home of the Book of Kells and one of three surviving Gaelic harps.
- **Bloomsday.** Every June 16 in Dublin, fans of Joyce's *Ulysses* retrace the day of its protagonist, Leopold Bloom, with many of the places he visited (like Davy Byrne's pub) still open for business.
- **Festivals in Every Season.** Author readings and writers' workshops often share the agenda with music and theater performances at the country's festivals including the Listowel Writer's Week, the Galway Arts Festival, the Belfast Festival at Queens, and the Dublin Book Festival.
- **Yeats150.** In 2015, Ireland marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of Nobel Laureate William Butler Yeats, with poetry readings, performances of his plays, and more. While Yeats's birthday is on June 13, the celebrations continue all year long.
- **Heaney's Home.** In Northern Ireland, you can explore the settings familiar from the works of another Irish Nobel Prize winner, the late poet Seamus Heaney. His work straddles the worlds of Irish mythology and contemporary culture, rural life in County Derry, and the halls of academia.
- **Magical Kingdoms.** The fantastic landscapes familiar from *Game of Thrones* really do exist and can be found in Northern Ireland. Winterfell was built at Castle Ward in County Down while the rugged coast of County Antrim appears as the Iron Islands. You'll also find Dunluce Castle, the inspiration for Cair Paravel in C.S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia,* here.

From the corner pub to the stages of its festivals, Ireland is a land of storytellers who capture both the magic side of a country steeped in folklore and epic tales as well as the magic moments of daily life. As you explore the country, you may soon find yourself inspired to put pen to paper too.

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CONNECT

RESIDENT *p.43* STAY *p.49* FEAST *p.55*



At South African farm hotel **Babylonstoren**, *house-cured meats are sliced for a taste on the spot (Stay, page 49).*

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WHO
Pablo Soler
WHERE
El Born, Barcelona, Spain

Pablo and his wife, Carol, shop for paella fixings at the Santa Caterina market.

The Barcelona Beat

A founder of the Primavera Sound Music Festival loves new music and great food. He finds plenty of both near his home in El Born.

as told to JEN MURPHY *photographs by* MARI LUZ VIDAL

I USED TO TRAVEL a lot for work, constantly flying to music festivals and concerts in Rome, Berlin, London. But now that I have a family, I enjoy being at home in El Born, where we've lived for the last five years.

El Born, the lower part of Barcelona's La Ribera District, is known for its Gothic architecture, and I like that it's just a short walk to the sea and the beach. I was also drawn to its diversity—parts of El Born have been gentrified, but you'll still find people from Morocco and Dominica living here.

La Ribera was put on the map in 2005, when the Santa Caterina market, one of the oldest in Barcelona, was renovated. Two Catalan architects boldly reimagined the building with an undulating roof made from colored tiles that represent the fruits and vegetables sold inside.

There's a bohemian spirit to the restaurants, cafés, and bars near my home. Bar del Pla and El Vaso de Oro are two of my favorite neighborhood spots for Catalan-style food—also Granja M. Viader, where my father used to take me for *suizo*, thick hot chocolate topped with whipped cream. I was a fatty, but I was very happy.

The city is famous for its food, of course, but increasingly for its music as well. I helped start Primavera Sound Music Festival in 2001 as a showcase for Spanish noise bands. It's held over three days every May, and I still can't believe how it has grown.

In 2005 we moved the festival to the Parc del Fòrum, and it has been there ever since. Last year, more than 190,000 people showed up to check out the 350 concerts. I think our success is due to our lineup of under-the-radar talent.

I wanted to bring the festival's energy to my neighborhood, so since 2010, we've kind of taken over El Born. Primavera Pro, a free event, is headquartered at El Convent dels Àngels, a convent turned cultural center, and we held press conferences and interviews with the musicians at Mercat del Born, a museum and cultural center that opened in 2013 in what used to be a food market. The Dum Dum Girls, Speedy Ortiz, the Twilight Sad, and Spanish talent such as Renaldo & Clara and Flamaradas played for free at Parc de la Ciutadella.

There's something really special about listening to the latest music in settings that are so rich with history. And it's similar to the appeal of La Ribera: The neighborhood is both classic and modern at once.

This year's Primavera Sound Music Festival takes place May 28–30. primaverasound.com

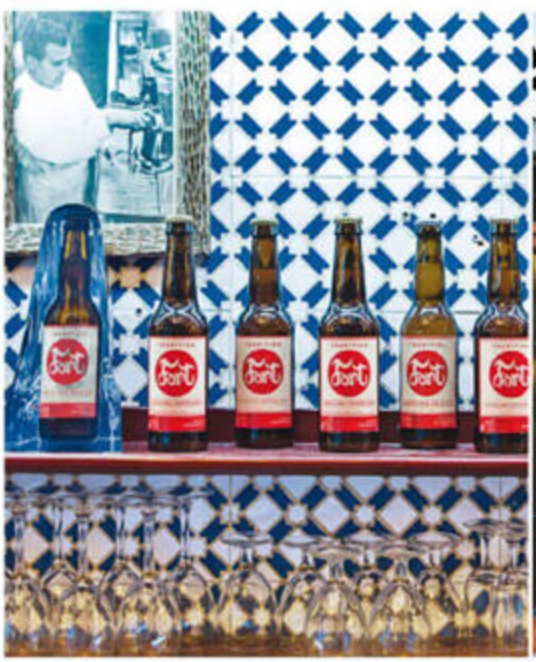


Get more of Pablo's local picks at afar.com/visit/barcelona.



1. LA BOTIGA DEL PRIMAVERA SOUND
"I wanted something that kept the excitement of the festival here year-round, so two years ago I opened this shop. You'll find the latest vinyl and new releases from little-known Spanish and international bands. Sometimes we host concerts and DJ sessions, too."
Ases 1, 34/93-624-2915, labotigadelprimavera.com

2. HOFMANN PASTISSERIA
"They make complicated pastries and artful cakes here, but I'm addicted to the croissants. They're incredible and have a unique, very brown color. My favorite flavors are butter, mascarpone, ham and cheese, and chocolate."
Carrer dels Flassaders 44, 34/93-268-8221, hofmann-bcn.com







5. VASO DE ORO
"It's a classic bar, light on tourists and popular with sailors from the harbor nearby. There's a crisp house lager that they brew right here—ask for a *flauta*, or tall glass. The tapas are awesome, too, especially the ones with generous portions of foie gras."
Calle de Balboa 6, 34/93-319-3098, vasodeoro.com

6. PLAÇA SANT FELIP NERI
"This tiny square is one of the city's most beautiful. You can still see bullet holes from the Civil War. The Hotel Neri's bar terrace is a good spot for a view of the fountain. And I like the footwear museum, which honors the shoemakers who once had their shops here."
Plaça Sant Felip Neri





3. LA COMERCIAL
"This may be the best shop in all of Barcelona for clothing. You'll find the best designers: Y3, Surface to Air, Alexander McQueen. The racks are constantly being restocked with new pieces. There's a store just for men and another across the street for women."
Carrer del Rec 73, 34/93-319-2435, lacomercial.info

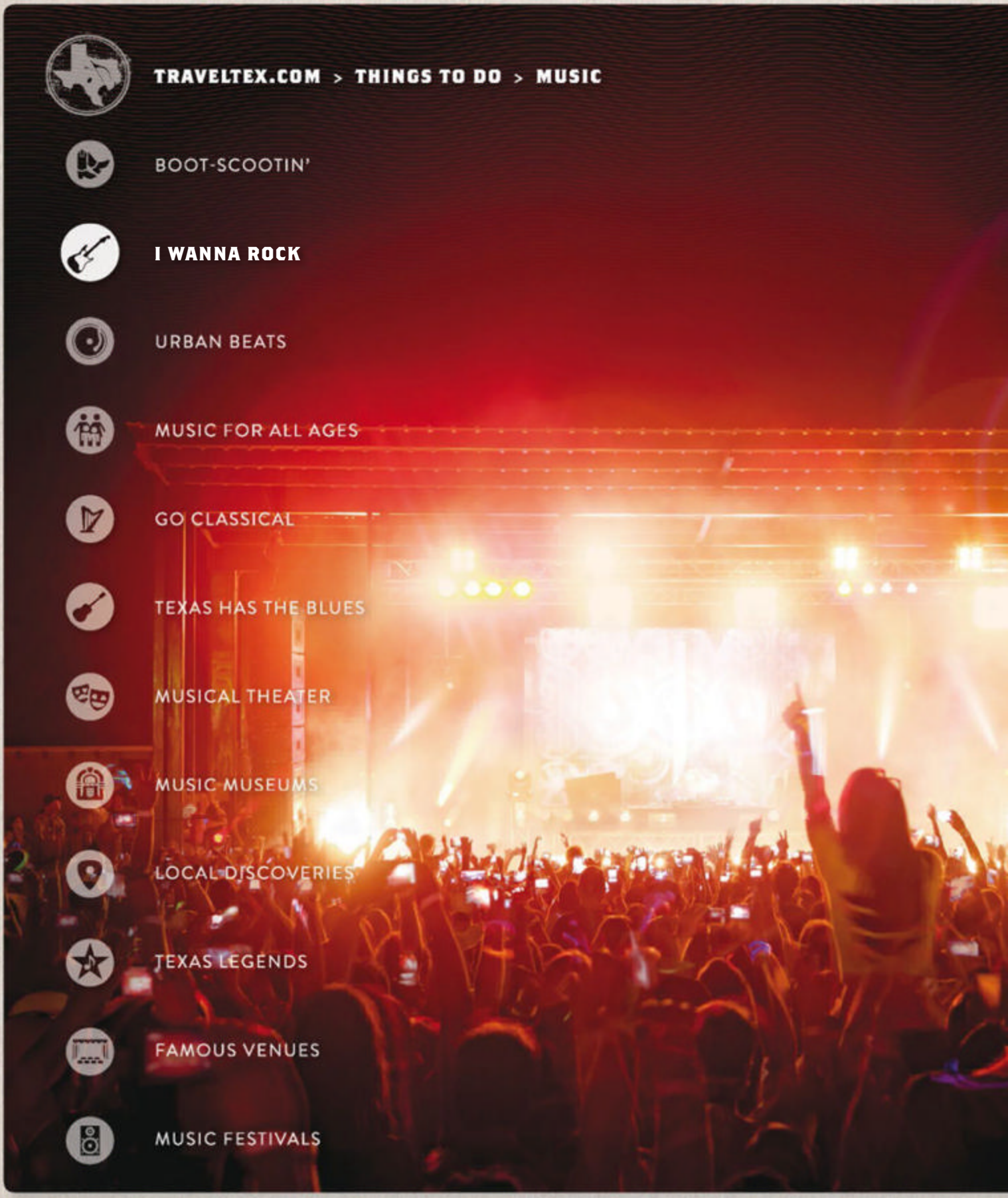
4. CASA MARI Y RUFO
"The funniest family runs this restaurant, known for its seafood paellas. There are just 10 tables or so, and the restaurant serves a very cheap lunch and dinner menu. I love to listen to the family—they're always shouting at each other one minute and laughing the next."
Carrer de Freixures 11, 34/93-319-7302, casamariyrufo.com





7. CARIBBEAN CLUB
"Owner-barman Juanjo González serves the best cocktails in town at this tiny bar that seats maybe 15 people, at most. Juanjo is very precise when he mixes drinks; I like his dry martini with olives. It's a good spot to take a date or a good friend."
Carrer de les Stiges 5, 34/93-302-2182

8. MERCAT DE SANTA CATERINA
"Markets are a must in Barcelona. La Boqueria in Las Ramblas is the classic, but Santa Caterina has excellent food stands. I can't resist buying lobsters from Minorca when they come in. The architecture is beautiful, too: The roof looks like waves of different colors."
Avinguda de Francesc Cambó 16, mercatsantacaterina.com



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South Africa

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Back to the Land

Since the farm-to-table phenomenon hit, plenty of travelers want a hotel with fantastic meals, yes, but also the chance to help plant, pluck, and prepare them. These retreats, from an organic farm in Japan to an Italian vineyard estate, will let you live out your farming fantasies.

by JEN MURPHY







1

CARMEL VALLEY RANCH
Carmel, California

The chicken coop is nearly as popular as the spa at this family-friendly resort in the foothills of California's Santa Lucia Mountains. Guests are invited to visit the coop to learn about the resident Rhode Island Red and Barred Plymouth Rock chickens, whose eggs are found on the breakfast table each morning, along with produce grown in the two-acre garden. During weekly tours, resident farmer Mark Marino explains the basics of composting and prepping an organic vegetable bed, and the ranch's beekeeper helps guests suit up to meet the 60,000 resident Italian honeybees. *From $335. carmelvalleyranch.com*

2

WILD THYME
Palamartsa, Bulgaria

Four years ago, Claire Coulter and Chris Fenton (Irish and English expats, respectively) fell for the sleepy charm of Palamartsa. "All the little old ladies in this rural, traditional village have fantastic gardens," says Claire. The duo learned the locals' gardening secrets, layered on organic principles, and then opened an eco-retreat on a working farm with a cottage and a four-room guesthouse. Guests help collect eggs from the hens, take goats to pasture, and feed the pigs. The truly hard core can help slaughter pigs in June, take a butchering workshop, or learn how to make the tasty sausages served at breakfast. *From $20. wildthymefarm.org*

3

BABYLONSTOREN
Cape Winelands, South Africa

About an hour outside of Capetown, Babylonstoren is one of South Africa's oldest *werfs*, or farmyards. In 2010, Karen Roos, a former editor at South Africa's *Elle Decoration*, reimagined the property as a fantasy farm stay with an eight-acre garden that grows 300 varieties of fruits and vegetables. Guests are welcome to help the head gardener prune and plant and to join the chef in his daily harvest. Some of the 13 laborers' cottages that have been rebuilt for guests also have kitchens for those who want to pick and prep their own meals. *From $240. babylonstoren.com*

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: COURTESY OF CARMEL VALLEY RANCH; COURTESY OF WILD THYME ORGANIC FARM & ECO-RETREAT; COURTESY OF BABYLONSTOREN







THREE FARM-MEETS-CITY STAYS

ST. ERMIN'S HOTEL
London
In April, May, and September, St. Ermin's hosts beekeeping workshops on its third-floor wildflower terrace, home to some of the hotel's 300,000 Buckfast bees. *Workshop $38. Rooms from $319. sterminshotel.co.uk*

TIERRA SOUL
Portland, Oregon
A hippy-ish guesthouse at an urban farm with honeybees. Guests learn permaculture and biodynamics at the farm school. *From $115. tierrasoulpdx.com*

HOTEL DANIEL
Vienna
Tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, grapes, and herbs overflow from the enormous garden out in front of this funky hotel. *From $110. hoteldaniel.com*

4

HOTEL FELLAH
Marrakech, Morocco
An oasis so idyllic, you might first think it's a mirage, Hotel Fellah is an eight-acre retreat that fuses Moroccan culture with a hipster design aesthetic and a farm-to-table ethos. Locals, artists in residence, and guests mingle in the art center and library, and at the educational farm, kids groom donkeys, milk goats, or collect eggs that are sold in neighboring villages. The small café opposite the swimming pool is run by Touco, a resident of nearby Tassoultante village. Don't miss his tagine, or—even better—pick ingredients from the garden and ask him to show you how to make it. *From $194. fellah-hotel.com*

5

HACIENDA HOTEL VIRA VIRA
Pucón, Chile
Dairy cows, chicken coops, and paddocks may look a bit out of place against the backdrop of the Villarrica volcano. But guests quickly get used to the stunning scenery at Vira Vira, which opened last October in Chile's Lake District. Each of the 21 rooms is crafted from local woods and decorated with handwoven rugs and wall hangings. Nearly all the ingredients featured in the meals come from the working farm and an on-site dairy that hosts cheese-making workshops. Activities included in the rate range from climbing the volcano to hiking the nearby forest of monkey puzzle trees. *Minimum three-night stay from $1,475, all inclusive. hotelviravira.com*

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: MATTHIEU SALVAING, COURTESY OF JAMES FLORIO/HACIENDA HOTEL VIRA VIRA, MICHAEL TUREK





For more farm stays, go to afar.com/farmstay.



6

CASTELFALFI
Tuscany, Italy

Back in the days when the Medici family owned Castelfalfi, servants did the cooking and gardening. But since 2013, when the estate's former tobacco workshop was turned into a 31-room hotel, guests have helped out in the kitchen, garden, and vineyards. Depending on the season, visitors harvest grapes for wine or olives that get pressed at the on-site mill. There are also guided foraging expeditions around the 2,700 acres to search out truffles, berries, mushrooms, and wild asparagus. It all comes together in Tuscan dishes during two-hour lessons at Rosso Toscano Cooking School, which opened last year in a castle on the estate. *From $225. castelfalfi.co.uk*

7

BLACKBERRY FARM
Walland, Tennessee

America's dreamiest luxury farm retreat is not in California or upstate New York, as you might expect, but on a 9,200-acre estate in the Great Smoky Mountains. No roughing it here: Rooms, cottages, and three- and four-bedroom homes all come with fireplaces and feather beds. Still, a big draw is spending time with overalls-clad master gardener John Coykendall, who tends to wax poetic about heirloom vegetables and seed saving, and with the chefs who offer cooking demonstrations in the Barn restaurant. After indulging, guests can detox with green juice and Pilates at Blackberry's year-old Wellhouse Spa. *From $795. blackberryfarm.com*

8

JIJI NO IE COUNTRY INN
Isumi, Japan

Ninety minutes east of Tokyo on the Boso peninsula, the Jiji No Ie Country Inn is run by U.S. photojournalist Everett Kennedy Brown and his Japanese wife, Deco Nakajima. The couple had been living on the two-acre organic farm for 15 years when, in 2013, they decided to open a six-room country inn with modern comforts. Their goal: to give visitors a taste of Japan's agrarian lifestyle. Guests can get their hands dirty in the garden, and—in the spring—plant rice. At dinner, Nakajima uses farm-fresh ingredients to prepare a multi-course, mostly macrobiotic meal paired with locally fermented sake. *From $92. jijinoie.com*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: COURTESY OF TOSCANA RESORT CASTELFALFI; COURTESY OF BEALL + THOMAS PHOTOGRAPHY/BLACKBERRY FARM (2)

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To make Turkish scrambled eggs, follow the recipe at afar.com/kahvalti.

Wake-Up Call

Turkish ***kahvalti*** might be the champion of breakfasts.

by SHAHNAZ HABIB *photographs by* MATHIAS DEPARDON

I **BECAME A MORNING** person in Istanbul. It was neither the muezzin's call to prayer, ringing solemnly over the minarets, nor the glow of sunrise over the Bosporus that converted me. It was the *kaymak*, the clotted cream that accompanies morning meals in Turkey. When there is cream to be combined with village honey and then spread on oven-warm bread, I can undo decades of sleeping-in habits and rise to the occasion—the occasion called *kahvalti*, or Turkish breakfast.

Every region in Turkey has a variation on kahvalti, from the kind with freshly milled olive oil poured over sliced tomatoes and cucumbers in tiny villages on the northern Aegean coast to the repast of flaky golden flatbread envelopes (*katmer*) filled with cream and sprinkled with pistachios in the south central city of Gaziantep. In Van, in eastern Turkey, an entire street is dedicated to breakfast, the shops renowned especially for their local cheeses and honeys.

Regardless of regional variations, there are some things you can always expect to find on your plate: bread baked that morning; honey and cream and preserves (rose jam! fig marmalade!); green peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers. One of my favorite spreads is a sweet, nutty paste made from *pekmez*, a grape extract, mixed with tahini. And there will be cheese. At the simplest meals it will be *beyaz panir*, a soft, unaged white cheese much like mild feta. A fancier meal will include a wider array of accompaniments. Finally, there is the other main reason to become a morning person—*menemen*, Turkish scrambled eggs.

Something magical happens to eggs when they meet onions and peppers and tomatoes in the small copper frying pans in which menemen is cooked and served. The vegetables are stewed together in the pan until the bottom of the mixture caramelizes while the top stays soft. Then the eggs are stirred in. The best menemen is cooked just to the point at which you can scoop up the thick and creamy, sweet and savory mixture with your bread.

Kahvalti translates literally as "before coffee," which is a tad ironic in modern Istanbul,





At Van Kahvalti Evi, below, kahvalti includes oranges and pomegranates. Café Privato, above, right, and on previous page, serves a traditional village breakfast.



where tea flows like a river. But in the centuries of Ottoman rule before the establishment of the Turkish Republic in 1923, Turks did drink coffee with their kahvalti. The state's significant investment in Turkey's young tea trade in the early years of the republic may have changed beverage habits but didn't alter the tradition of sumptuous breakfasts.

The bounty of elements is central to the appeal of kahvalti, but even more critical is one overarching quality that brings them all together: the freshness of the ingredients. Home cooks and professionals alike have their favorite markets and stores. They make their choices based on which vendor brings eggs from his grandmother's farm, which merchant knows someone who knows someone in the Black Sea region who makes the best chestnut honey, or which bakery has the freshest bread in the neighborhood at any given moment.

Olga Irez, a food blogger and restaurateur, hosted a monthly breakfast club in her kitchen in Istanbul until a recent move to Alaçati on the Aegean coast. She takes the shopping aspect of preparing kahvalti very seriously. Not only did she move from Russia to Turkey "for the food," she told me, she also chose her neighborhood, Kadiköy, on the Asian side of the city, because it is renowned for its sprawling market. Olga, who learned Turkish cooking from her mother-in-law, started serving breakfast in her home after deciding that she could do a better job than the average restaurant. On the Sunday morning I attended, about a dozen travelers and locals trooped into the sunny modern apartment with its open kitchen, where Olga had laid out the breakfast buffet we would graze on throughout the morning. She had supplemented the usual treats with her own freshly baked sourdough bread, a purslane salad with walnuts, and cheeses from the Marmara region, where her mother-in-law runs a guesthouse.

For most Istanbullus, the notion of cooking "local" and "seasonal" is not a culinary trend; it is a way of life, a tradition that accompanied the historical evolution of the city itself. As Istanbul (known as Constantinople into the early 20th century) grew, it swallowed up the villages on both banks of the Bosporus. Now a global metropolis, Istanbul still retains

For most Istanbullus, the notion of cooking "local" and "seasonal" is not a culinary trend; it is a way of life.

Fresh vegetables and fruit from the Ferikoy market, right, could become part of a DIY kahvalti or the breakfasts at Café Privato, far right, and Van Kahvalti Evi, below.







aspects of village custom. Most neighborhoods host a *pazari* (market) day when vendors from the villages around Istanbul set up their stands to sell fresh produce, yogurt, eggs, and oils. If you want the finest cherries or homemade cheese, go to one of these weekly pazaris.

Istanbul abounds with restaurants that specialize in kahvalti, but the best breakfast you eat, albeit eggless, might be one you gather yourself. Go early to one of the markets. Sample the olives and cheeses that the friendly vendors will practically thrust down your throat. Choose the best-looking fruits and vegetables. The prices are usually written on pieces of cardboard, so there's no need to haggle. Take the makings of your breakfast to the nearest waterfront park. Settle down on a bench under a fig tree. There will undoubtedly be a tea shop a few yards away, and a polite young waiter will bring you tea in tulip-shaped glasses. Eat, drink, gaze at the other continent across the Bosporus, and feel grateful that you got up in time for breakfast.

WHERE TO EAT KAHVALTI IN ISTANBUL

1

CAFÉ PRIVATO

Privato's traditional village breakfast—small plates of cheese, stewed fruits, preserves, eggs, and more—covers the tabletop and encourages a leisurely repast. *Galip Dede Caddesi Timarci Sokak No. 3/B, Beyoğlu/Galata, 90/(0) 212-293-2055, privatocafe.com*

2

VAN KAHVALTI EVI

This fast-paced restaurant offers a Kurdish twist on kahvalti, with honey and cheeses from eastern Turkey and a thick, sweet Kurdish wheat porridge. *Kiliçali Paşa Mh., Defterdar Yokuşu No. 52/A, Cihangir, Beyoğlu, 90/(0) 212-293-6437*

3

BETTY BLUE

A friend described the kahvalti here as the second-best breakfast in Istanbul—after his mother's. Tucked away in an old Greek neighborhood, Betty Blue serves home-style breakfast, with neighbors ambling in for conversation with the gregarious owner. *Icadiye Caddesi No. 21/A, Kuzguncuk Mahallesi, Üsküdar*

4

FERIKOY ORGANIK PAZARI

Assemble your own breakfast at the organic market held every Saturday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Don't miss the hot stuffed crepes known as *gozleme. Şişli Municipality Car Park, Bomonti Caddesi and Lala Şahin Sokak*







If you plan your trips around must-eat menus, few cities offer the chance to taste as many flavors of the world as Miami. At the intersection of the Caribbean, Latin America, and the United States, the city's restaurants are as varied as its neighborhoods. The options include ones from leading celebrity chefs to locals' favorites. Here's our guide to a few places to visit when you're ready to experience the best of Miami's dining scene.

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Classic Cuisine

The best place to start your culinary tour is with some of the city's historic favorites. **Joe's Stone Crab** dates back more than a century, when Joe Weiss opened a lunch counter in 1913. Head to this South Beach institution for Key lime pie and, of course, stone crab. **Caffe Abbracci** has a shorter history, but since opening in 1989 this Coral Gables restaurant has become a favorite with locals for its traditional Italian dishes. The **Jaguar Ceviche Spoon Bar & Latam Grill** in Coconut Grove offers an overview of the very best Latin American dishes—its ceviche sampler is a delicious culinary lesson.

Neighborhood Watch

Little Havana is the best place to sample Cuban cuisine short of heading to the island itself. Wander along Calle Ocho and order Cuban sandwiches, mamey and gunabana juices, and guava pastries. Goat and griot—pork cooked with citrus and peppers—are on the menu in **Little Haiti**. You can visit both neighborhoods on your own and there's no need to speak Spanish or Creole to order some delicious dishes. Or you can sign up with a popular walking tour like those offered by **Miami Food Tours** or **Miami Culinary Tours**.

Stars Are Shining

With a variety of ingredients close at hand, from produce to the bounty of the sea, and adventurous diners eager to try the latest dishes, it's no surprise that many Miami chefs are among the most celebrated in the world. Doug Rodriguez was a trailblazer, combining Latin American and Caribbean flavors, reflecting Miami's cosmopolitan culture. Taste his signature ceviches and paella at **De Rodriguez Cuba on Ocean**. Michelle Bernstein also emphasizes Latin flavors at the new **Seagrape**, her first South Beach venture. The James Beard Award-winning chef Michael Schwartz helms the kitchen at **Michael's Genuine Food & Drink** in the Design District, where good food and a laid-back atmosphere meet.

For more on where to eat and drink in Miami, visit **miamiandbeaches.com**



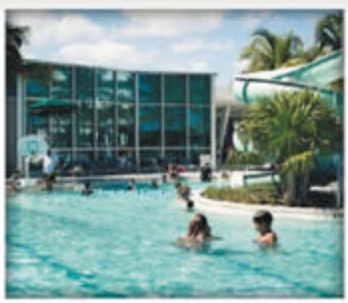




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Bogotá Begins Again

AFAR chose a destination at random and sent chef **Daniel Patterson** with 24 hours' notice to a mountaintop Colombian metropolis that's breaking free of its past.

illustrations by JULENE HARRISON

THE RAIN POUNDED the front of our car, "We Will Rock You" bleeding softly from the speakers. We drove up and down hills, past soldiers with machine guns milling around in front of gated houses, and under towering stands of eucalyptus trees. As we rounded a sharp turn, the view opened suddenly and a misty Bogotá spread out beneath us.

Bogotá is a very large city that sits on a plateau nearly 9,000 feet above sea level. The backdrop feels incongruous, as if someone dropped New York onto a set from *The Hobbit*. The silhouette of the mountain range looms above the city, dominating almost every view: Rising above the end of a narrow street, peeking out from behind the corner of a building, reflected in a store window, the mountains are always there.

When my wife and I left San Francisco, it was 58 degrees and raining. When we arrived in Bogotá, it was 58 degrees and raining. Hard. The rain was savage, punishing the sidewalks and overflowing the gutters. Should you find yourself wandering the cobblestone streets of the historic La Candelaria neighborhood, soaked and wondering what Bogotanos have against awnings, you might discover, as if by magic, a nice man standing next to you who wants to sell you a $3 umbrella. He solicitously holds open his own $3 umbrella over your head while you dig for change. (Was that 6,000 pesos? 60,000?) You take the umbrella triumphantly, and then an hour later the rain stops as quickly as it started.

Much of the city presents itself as a maze of drab gray stone and concrete walls covered in fantastically imagined graffiti, as if Bogotá's many museums were not strong enough to hold the current explosion of artistic talent. I saw angry teeth chattering inside a tomato; a disembodied head floating over a coca plant; a giant, smiling bat in a color that can only be described as "Satan red," wearing the name of an art collective across its outstretched wings.

This is not the impotent tagging of wastrel teenagers but hundreds of years of social and political turbulence bubbling up through the artists' work.

I am still haunted by *La Violencia*, a 1962 painting by Alejandro Obregón. Like Picasso's *Guernica*, it expresses the pain of a country tormented by war: a pregnant woman's body sunk into a darkened landscape, a hill that is a stomach, a breast dripping blood, a melancholy sky. I would return to Bogotá just to see it again.

If *La Violencia* and the other contemporary artwork we saw at the Museo Botero illuminated the realities of a devastated country, the Museo del Oro told the beginning of that story, starting with the Muisca, a pre-Hispanic agricultural people who harvested not only corn and potatoes but also gold. The Muisca lived more or less peacefully until the Spanish explorer Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada found them, and the gold. War, theft, and destruction ensued, and by 1538 Bogotá was founded as a Spanish colony. Spanish rule was cast off in 1810, but the city and country have been roiled with violence for much of the past 200 years: the Thousand Days War at the turn of the 20th century; La Violencia, a brutal political conflict that started in 1948 and lasted for 10 years; the recent decades of drug wars; the Medellín Cartel; the U.S. funding of anti-drug operations; the execution-style killings.

Now Bogotá is safer. Over the last 10 years, the city, long isolated by its geography and history, has become more cosmopolitan, more open to outsiders. But the scars remain, both perceptual and real. It's hard to tell someone that you're visiting Bogotá without them rubbing their finger under their nose or telling you about the shoot-outs in the street. The reality is that Bogotá is a city in transition, bound to its past while trying to imagine a better future.

I have spent the last three decades obsessively studying food—not just the fancy stuff served in expensive restaurants but the way culture expresses itself through cuisine. What I found in Bogotá was unsettlingly familiar: The European imperialism that once spread across the globe continues to have a stranglehold on local restaurants, where French, Italian, and Spanish cooking dominate.

Our search for a beloved local place turned up Andrés Carne de Res, a steak house that started many years ago as a roadside grill. It sounded perfect. So we braved the afternoon traffic and took a long, smoggy ride to the neighboring town of Chía, only to find a restaurant masquerading as a small village: Every night it serves 2,000 to 3,000 people. This is where Bogotanos go to party. We bought tickets and lined up in a cattle-chute-like waiting area, which led to a room festooned with Christmas lights and illuminated hearts, every corner stuffed with random knickknacks. Once we were seated, our server handed us a menu that ran to several volumes, with no explanation as to any sort of ordering protocol, and then disappeared. From there it got worse. There was overcooked steak. There was dry, unseasoned grilled corn and oversweetened cocktails. We had the vague feeling that we'd stumbled into a college bar in Key West during spring break.

The Paloquemao Market had a lot to say about regional ingredients. I recognized almost nothing.

"Historically, the restaurant industry has been mediocre," my friend David, a commercial photographer born and raised in Bogotá, told me later. "So people just want to have a good time. When I was growing up, no one went to restaurants during the week. It was only on Sundays and only for social reasons. Burger King and McDonald's were considered nice restaurants then. Now there's a bit more to choose from."

Although Bogotá is in the middle of a restaurant boom, the city's growing middle class seems to be looking more for stimulating experiences than for adventurous cuisine. Wandering through Zona G (think Soho), we found beautifully designed bakeries, bars, and coffee shops, almost all of them looking to Europe for their inspiration. Ironically, one of our tastiest meals was in the restaurant with the homeliest decor. At a spot called La Condesa Irina Lazaar there were six tables, no sign, and a locked door to greet us. But the food was great: well-seasoned liver that was soaked in buttermilk for a few days and then grilled over a wood fire; onion soup with thyme and pine nuts ("more Italian than French," the chef told me); a perfectly cooked chicken.

The most distinctive flavors we found were at the Paloquemao Market plaza. A massive airplane hangar of a space chaotically stuffed with produce, meat, fish, and flowers, Paloquemao had a lot to say about regional ingredients. I recognized almost nothing. There were berries from the Andes and tropical fruits from the nearby Amazon and the coast; *gulupa*, like a sweet version of passion fruit; and *lulo*, with its heavily perfumed scent and bright acidity, like the love child of a guava and a kiwi. We left with a few large wooden spoons, several bags of fruit, and a question: Why are so few of those ingredients on restaurant menus?

That night we ate at El Bandido, one of the hottest reservations in town. The second we walked in the door, we knew why. It was magic, like a pleasantly crowded dinner party in a room that could have been anywhere, where you go to drink and laugh, where the radiance of the room washes away the vagaries of the quotidian world. The restaurant served solid bistro fare, but I'm not sure anyone was there for the food. They came for that perfect moment when life is transformed into something better, without the beheadings, protests, murders, injustice, and fear that dominate current headlines. When that moment hit us, my wife leaned across the table and said, "We're so lucky to be here." And we were.

We spent the next day on bikes borrowed from David. Sunday is *ciclovía*, when many of Bogotá's streets are closed to cars. We meandered through La Macarena, along back roads and main streets, and through the Parque Nacional, with its manicured lawns and majestic skyline of trees against a pale blue sky. We ate *arepas* (a kind of corn cake) and corn on the cob (blackened, crunchy, and not at all sweet) served from open-air grills. We passed on tripe that smelled like old socks. We dodged pedestrians. We checked out a flea market and rode south to see the government buildings in La Candelaria.

For all the talk of a growing middle class, Bogotá's culture is still remarkably stratified.

AFAR | TRAVEL ADVISORY COUNCIL

If you travel to eat—or simply enjoy a good meal between experiences—the members of AFAR's Travel Advisory Council will help you get the most coveted reservations and the scoop on secret spots.

GOURMET *on the* GO

There are perhaps few disappointments greater than not being able to get a table at a restaurant you have traveled thousands of miles to visit or finding out about the perfect taco stand after you have moved on to your next destination. When you turn to the members of AFAR's Travel Advisory Council (TAC) to plan your trip, you can rest assured you'll never suffer that fate. Here, seven TAC members share favorite finds from the road.









From Cambodian curries to California cuisine, the members of AFAR's Travel Advisory Council share their recent culinary discoveries







1. Josh Alexander, Protravel International
"Of many unique food and wine experiences, none stand out for me more than a **night street-food tour** on a Vespa in Ho Chi Minh City. You truly feel the hustle and bustle of this vibrant city as you explore and eat like a local. Our guides made sure we sampled everything."

2. Judy Perl, Judy Perl Worldwide Travel
"I highly recommend the classic Khmer cuisine at the Park Hyatt Siem Reap's stylish restaurant, **The Dining Room**. The seafood amok, with curry paste and coconut milk, served over organic brown rice, was the best authentic Khmer dish I ate in Cambodia—or anywhere!"

3. Shelby Donley, Camelback Odyssey Travel
"**Buck & Breck** is a speakeasy disguised as an art gallery in Berlin's Mitte neighborhood. All the handcrafted cocktails are custom creations. Another favorite hidden bar of mine is the Florería Atlántico in Buenos Aires—it's a wine bar that doubles as a flower shop."

4. Lauren Maggard, Jetset World Travel
"The **Mukul Resort** sits on Nicaragua's Emerald Coast, along the Pacific Ocean. The best ceviche lunch anywhere is at the beach bar, where you sit on the sand for lunch. Enjoy it with a cocktail made with Flor de Caña rum."

5. Cari Gray, Gray & Co.
"In Los Alamos, California, north of Santa Barbara, chef/owner Clark Staub always spoils us with custom lunches when I take cycling trips to **Full of Life Flatbread**. The produce all comes from Santa Barbara County and the seasonal menus feature it at its peak of freshness."

6. Katie Cadar, TravelStore
"The Grill at **The Dorchester** in London is a beautiful five-star restaurant, with lovely atmosphere and service, but my favorite part of the meal is the end. They have the most delicious soufflés! The last time I was there we were served three—chocolate, vanilla, and pistachio. My spoon was flying from one to the other—I couldn't get enough!"

7. John Clifford, International Travel Management
"The Uco Valley (Valle de Uco) of Argentina is what Napa was three decades ago—it still has a feeling of discovery and wide open spaces. Surrounding the new **Casa de Uco Resort** are vineyards that produce award-winning wines. The ultramodern resort, with its luxurious use of woods, floor-to-ceiling windows, concrete, and stone, blends perfectly with its setting."

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The government has actually established a system of rating wealth, from 1 (poor) to 6 (rich). Designed to create affordable-housing opportunities, David explained, it has become an easy shorthand for social status, one that is hard to change. Ciclovía is one of the few occasions during which people from different *estratos* mingle.

We dumped our bikes back at David's house and went to a nearby chicken place for lunch, the kind where a meal costs $5. I was excited. It showed every sign of being a local find: not in any guidebooks, patronized only by Colombians happily enjoying their meals, open-fire cooking, wide wicker baskets lined with plantain leaves and filled with chicken, taro, plantain, and potatoes.

There was a consommé with herbs to start. Fantastic. Then there was the chicken. "Dry" and "flavorless" would hardly do justice to what had to be one of the most depressing destinies that a bird has ever encountered. I took a bite. Two bites. I washed it down with a local drink called *refajo*, a mixture of beer and soda. It was like washing down sawdust with artificial sweetener. I pushed away the basket, and the drink.

"You see?" David said. "This is what people grew up with, what they're used to."

On our final day in Bogotá we took the funicular, a cable car that starts in La Candelaria and rises an additional thousand feet to the top of Monserrate. I had resisted the ride because it was a touristy thing to do, as if I were somehow better than a tourist. Low to the ground, the view was dominated by the churches and tall downtown buildings we'd spent the last four days exploring. But as we rose higher, the familiar area quickly started to shrink, like the 17th-century architect Francesco Borromini's forced perspective in reverse, becoming smaller and smaller as the city beyond it grew ever larger. By the time we reached the top, the downtown area resembled a tiny sliver of beach abutting a vast ocean.

I was still thinking about the fact that everyone in Bogotá was branded with a status number, like Yelp run amok. It was not the inequity but the transparency of it. As I looked down at the vastness of the city and the tiny area where we had spent all our time, it struck me as a physical manifestation of Bogotá's enduring social divisions.

"How much of the city is off-limits?" I asked David later, as we ate delicious tamales outdoors at La Puerta Falsa, a small consolation after the chicken fiasco. "You know, too dangerous."

He thought for a moment.

"About 50 percent," he said. "Maybe a little more. There's still so much corruption, and so little of the money gets to the people who need it most. Many areas in the south have terrible conditions, no electricity or running water. And even here they don't do a good job with basic services. Maybe," he said, pointing to a small crater in the asphalt, "they could at least fix some of the potholes."

That morning there had been a long, loud taxi protest about Uber that honked and wheezed in front of our hotel for what felt like hours. Uber has had its share of problems around the world, but in Bogotá, at least when we were there, it was hands-down the best mode of transportation. Because of the protest, we walked. The air along the main drags was redolent of spilled gas and exhaust, the sidewalks were packed with pedestrians, and, to make it more interesting, there was a bicycle lane down the center of the sidewalk that suggested what might happen if the Tour de France were reimagined as a contact sport.

"Taxis here are terrible," grumbled David when I asked what he thought about the protest. "They're rude, they overcharge, and every weekend it seems like someone gets kidnapped at gunpoint. I like Uber." A few weeks after we left, Uber was declared illegal. Richard McColl, in the *City Paper*, wrote a sort of requiem, not just for Uber but also for the innovation and new ways of thinking that it represents.

This collision of tradition and modernity seems inevitable in a society that has fought so long to free itself from its past. In a visit to the colonial Plaza de Usaquén on the northern edge of the city, we found, among the French and Italian places, a restaurant called Mercado that served the kind of fresh, bright Colombian food I had imagined would be everywhere. The restaurant was founded by Leonor Espinosa, one of the pioneers of the local food movement. That night we went to her Leo Cocina y Cava, where we started with an icy, deep-purple cocktail made from *corozo*, a fruit from the Caribbean coast of Colombia. The tasting menu that followed, full of imaginative dishes based on native Colombian ingredients such as *pipilongo* (peppers), *guayusa* leaves, and *piangua* mollusks, was the best meal of the trip.

"Colombians tend to look to other countries with admiration," David told us on the drive back to the hotel. "We look outside and think it's cool, but not inside our own country. That's starting to change."



It showed every sign of being a local find: not in any guidebooks, patronized only by Colombians.

Chef Daniel Patterson is profiled on page 18.

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THE STORY OF CAYMANKIND

Countless Caribbean islands offer sand, sea, and sun, but the Cayman Islands stand apart with its distinctly welcoming attitude. Soon after landing on Grand Cayman—just an hour's flight from Miami—you may find yourself luxuriating on the beach in the company of new friends. In case you don't have the chance to turn to local Caymanians for their suggestions, however, here's a quick lay of the land.

BEACHES

One of Grand Cayman's main attractions is among the most famous strips of sand in the entire Caribbean: **Seven Mile Beach**. Running along the western edge of Grand Cayman, the beach is pristine. While relaxing on the sand is an option, the area's slight breeze makes it a popular destination for kite boarding, parasailing, and windsurfing. Seven Mile Beach faces west and is the perfect arena for sunset views, which are made even better by sipping a Cayman Mama cocktail from **Calico Jack**'s.

On the northern coast of Grand Cayman, **Rum Point** is another of the island's popular beaches. While it's often quieter than Seven Mile Beach, on Sundays you'll find locals arriving in their boats to enjoy an afternoon on this particularly picturesque corner of the island.

BUSTLE

While there's nothing wrong with a beer and burger on the beach, there are seemingly limitless culinary options to choose from in the Cayman Islands. Known as the culinary capital of the Caribbean, Grand Cayman is home to more than 200 restaurants, including ones from some of the world's most famous chefs. Among them are Michael Schwartz, who has an outpost of **Michael's Genuine Food & Drink** on the island, and Eric Ripert, who created **Blue by Eric Ripert** at The Ritz-Carlton, Grand Cayman. From American to Asian cuisines, and casual fare to fine dining, the culinary scene runs the gamut.

Grand Cayman also has a number of cultural attractions to lure you out of the water. The **Cayman Islands National Museum** is home to 8,000 artifacts that provide a fascinating introduction to the islands' colorful history. Stop by the **Queen Elizabeth II Botanic Park** to take in local flora and fauna, in addition to learning about the Cayman Islands' ecology and plants.

AND BEYOND

Grand Cayman may be the largest of the three Cayman Islands, but its smaller sisters shouldn't be overlooked. **Little Cayman** offers a secluded island escape, perfect for a romantic getaway. The smallest of the three islands feels like a private island with only a handful of intimate resorts and fewer than 200 residents. **Cayman Brac** will appeal to divers and other adventure-seeking vacationers. Take in the view of the sea from the island's 140-foot bluff, and then dive beneath the water to explore underwater caves, shipwrecks, and reefs.

CAYMAN ISLANDS
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Few other Caribbean destinations can offer the diversity of experiences in one package like the Cayman Islands. To learn more and book your trip to the Cayman Islands, visit www.caymanislands.ky.



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Take our quiz at afar.com/nextdrink and match your taste buds to the global drinks on the next nine pages.

01. AIRPLANE DRINKS NEED NOT BE SAD

by **AISLYN GREENE**

▶ Now that airlines have slowly begun raising the bar on drink menus, it's beginning to feel more like the old days, when flying was, well, fun. Here, **three exceptionally tasty ways to enjoy a long haul**.

1 NAPA IN THE CLOUDS

Not in the mood for a white or a red? For its new premium Mint service, JetBlue tapped wine pro Jon Bonné to handpick California wines, including the **2014 Lioco Indica Rosé**—a delicate, tart, and refreshing alternative to the usual chard and cab options.

2 HEY, BARTENDER

Nothing against a flight-attendant pour, but behind the horseshoe of Emirates' first- and business-class **Onboard Lounge**, real-life bartenders stir Manhattans, fill tumblers with Chivas, and refresh flutes of bubbly. The scene is worth every cent of the upgrade.

3 WHAT A PERK

Before takeoff, Etihad serves passengers tiny cups of **Arabic coffee, flavored with rose-water and cardamom**, along with sweet dates to chase the bitterness away. Bonus style points for the glossy brass pitcher—called a *dallah*—they use to pour refills.



03. DON'T WAKE UP WITHOUT YOUR BEST HANGOVER FRIEND

The morning after a late night out in Vancouver last year, I was, let's say, feeling very mortal. I booked a treatment at the **Shangri-La**'s spa, where they offered a packet of this magic. An "instant honeyed ginger drink," sold at many traditional Chinese markets, **it's like Kool-Aid for hangovers**. It stings your throat, calms your belly, and (*ahh . . .*) clears your head. –ANDREW RICHDALE

Tea Is Good, Baijiu Is Better

02. ▶ I never totally got afternoon tea. I love the idea, but the formality rubs me the wrong way. Then, **one day, I swapped in moonshine for tea**, Chinese rice farmers for my usual crowd, and suddenly, I was converted.

The sound of laughter and an open door beckoned me into what turned out to be someone's personal cave in the village of Puzhehei, near China's border with Vietnam. Inside, I faced six rice farmers on stools, all staring at me with interest. The stalagmite-lined cave housed dozens of covered clay jugs filled with alcohol, a disco ball, and a karaoke machine wedged into the rock wall. Before I knew it, a shot of homemade *baijiu* (rice liquor) was pushed my way. I'd arrived just in time for their daily ritual of afternoon moonshine.

The rules are clear, even if you don't speak the language: Every time someone yells "*gan bei!*" (dry cup), you raise your glass, clink, drink, and grimace. Everyone drinks or no one drinks. I found this out the hard way when I tried to pace myself and sit out the sixth gan bei.

I loved it. Instead of polite conversation, there was lots of shouting. Instead of scones, a bowl of fried crayfish. We played games and slowly built up the heap of crayfish shells at our feet. And, of course, it all ended with microphones in hand and Tom Jones tunes reverberating off the ancient cave walls. –WILL BLEAKLEY

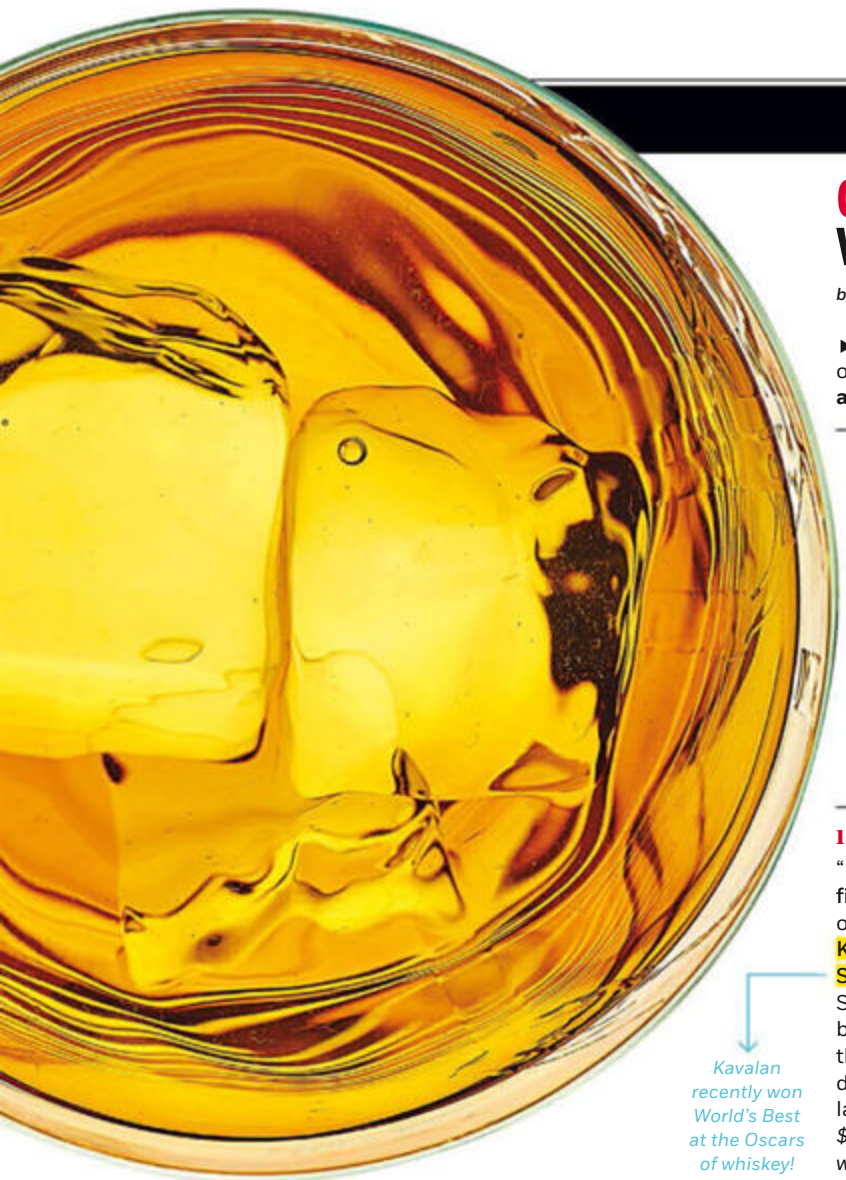


PREVIOUS PAGE: ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW JOYCE. TOP LEFT: HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; GINGER PACKETS AND WHISKEY: JEFFERY CROSS; BOTTLES: COURTESY OF KAVALAN WHISKY, LARK DISTILLERY; CRAIGELLACHIE

Know Your Mexican Agaves

04. ▶ You've heard of tequila and mezcal. But **Mexico's agave plant yields much more** than these usual suspects. Next time you're south of the border, try these lesser-known stars. —DAVINA BAUM

Name	Made In	Tastes Like	One to Try
BACANORA	**Sonora**, just over the border from Arizona	**Earthy herbs, with a little smoke**. Why? Distillers pit-roast the hearts of *agave pacifica*, a spiky plant that takes five years to mature.	Cielo Rojo Bacanora
RAICILLA	**Southwestern Jalisco** near Puerto Vallarta	**Flowers**. Raicilla is surprisingly light considering that it's made from the roots of the same agave as mezcal.	Raicilla La Venenosa
PULQUE	**Hidalgo**, the state north of Mexico City	**An alcoholic milk shake**. Some are even flavored with fruit. Found only in Mexico, it gets its foamy thickness from fermented agave sap.	Any at Mexico City's Plaza Garibaldi



Kavalan recently won World's Best at the Oscars of whiskey!

05. THE WORLD'S GREATEST WHISKEY ISN'T ALWAYS IRISH

by **DANIELLE WALSH**

▶ Andrew Abrahamson of L.A.'s Seven Grand Whiskey Bar, one of our favorite places to sip the good stuff, shares **three regions that are challenging the old guard**.



1 TAIWAN

"Made by Taiwan's first privately owned distillery, Kavalan Soloist Sherry is aged in Spanish sherry barrels. It picks up those qualities—dried fruits, chocolate, and nuts." *$135, kavalan whisky.com*



2 TASMANIA

"Lark Cask Strength speaks to the power of terroir. The drink is made off the coast of Australia, and, with an odd funk that recalls seashells and humid jungle, you can absolutely tell." *$150, larkdistillery.com.au*



3 SCOTLAND

"That Scotland makes good whiskey isn't news. That Craigellachie 13 Year, a grassy booze that hits every corner of your tongue, is now sold in the U.S.? Now *that's* news." *$54, craigellachie.com*



Top of the Standard

PIOTR REDLINSKI/*NEW YORK TIMES*/REDUX

More Online
Once we got going on our favorite hotel bars, we couldn't stop. Go to afar.com/hotelbars for our 10 domestic faves.

Sometimes the Best Drink Is Closest to Bed

07. ▶ AFAR editors are no strangers to the hotel bar. These **five from around the world** are our absolute favorites.

1 THE TOP OF THE STANDARD
The Standard, New York
With a floor-to-ceiling view of the city, this lounge ("The Boom Boom Room") is the grandest bar in a town that prides itself on doing things big. Go before 10 p.m., when it closes to the public.

2 BATHERS BAR
The Siam, Bangkok
Bathers Bar, at an AFAR Collection hotel, centers around a black-and-white-striped infinity pool. From chaise lounges, watch the boats chug along the Chao Phraya River.

3 J BAR
Hotel Jerome, Aspen
Hoisting a beer at this saloon could have you rubbing elbows with a billionaire or a ski bum. Here, they're both just souls looking for a good drink.

4 ON THE ROCKS
Eden Rock, St. Bart's
There's no better spot in the Caribbean to watch the sun set (with a mai tai in hand) than this patio bar, cantilevered over the sea.

5 THE DEER CLUB
D.O.M., Rome
Dark and moody, it surrounds you with enough glamorous Italians to make you feel like an extra in a Fellini film. —LISA TROTTIER

06. WHEN IN VEGAS . . .

by **ANDREW RICHDALE**

▶ Whether you find yourself in the U.S. Capital of Drinking a Lot for a work convention or a getaway with friends, follow these guidelines and you'll **make new memories instead of losing a few**.

1 PACE YOURSELF
Rather than diving right into the hard stuff, sip one of the 35 craft beers on tap at the new SLS hotel's Umami Burger beer garden. Pair it with an Umami pork belly sausage, served only at these bar stools.

2 DON'T SETTLE FOR A VODKA SODA
Vesper Bar at The Cosmopolitan, an AFAR Collection hotel, is our favorite spot for a serious Old Fashioned—or Elderfashioned, the house's riff, which gets a dose of St. Germain.

3 AND, OF COURSE, NEVER DRINK AT THE TABLES
But when you're feeling lucky, try the recently opened Cromwell, a boutique casino that's less frenetic than most, even though it's in the heart of the Strip.

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AFAR CONVERSATIONS: NEW YORK, JANUARY 2015
We welcomed 2015 with an AFAR Conversations event in New York at The Chatwal, a Luxury Collection Hotel. Over signature Gold Rush cocktails, guests sampled sumptuous fare inspired by the pages of our January/February '15 issue, such as chocolate truffles and Argentine wine. **AFAR Cofounder Joe Diaz** moderated another standout panel—this time addressing the Evolution of the Luxury Consumer—with highly influential panelists who have helped lead the way in their respective fields, including: **Walter Coyle**, President, **Pedone Media**; **Adam D. Tihany**, Designer, **Tihany Design**; and **John T. A. Vanderslice**, Global Head of Luxury & Lifestyle Brands, **Hilton Worldwide**. Many thanks to all who helped make the event a buzzing success!
afar.com/conversations-jan15

Left: Walter Coyle, John T. A. Vanderslice, Adam D. Tihany, and Joe Diaz













(Liquid) Dinner and a Movie
After antiquing on Portobello Road, wrap up in a cashmere blanket with a beer and blockbuster at The Electric.

The Low-Key Pick
Kookily opulent, Zetter Townhouse is made for drinking by a crackling fire.



Down to Earth
Drinks at Dandelyan are spiked with petals, grass, even clay.

A Latin Beat
A hip crowd downs authentic caipirinhas at Seven at Brixton.

08. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG IN LONDON

by **EMILY MATHIESON**

► Right now, the city has the best drinking scene in the world. Whether you want to dance with the It Crowd or chug pints at a traditional pub, let **this heat map, numbered from hottest (and most crowded)** to places where you can actually hear yourself, guide you.

1 CHILTERN FIREHOUSE
The city's hot spot of the moment is courtesy of André Balazs. Good luck at the door.

2 THE BIRDCAGE
Order the craft Pale Fire ale at the restored 18th-century pub.

3 MISSION (See map)

4 FRANK'S (See map)

5 COMPAGNIE DES VINS SURNATURELS
Parisian transplants opened this wine bar in a courtyard.

6 RUBY'S
Go for the mojitos served in vintage milk bottles.

7 SEVEN AT BRIXTON (See map)

8 OLD TOM AND ENGLISH
Aged-gin drinks in a *Barbarella*-meets-*Mad-Men* setting

9 DANDELYAN (See map)

10 BUMP CAVES
Homemade liquors galore

11 HAPPINESS FORGETS
Sexy lighting and textbook cocktails in the city's hippest

FROM TOP: COURTESY OF ELECTRIC CINEMA; DANDELYAN/MONDRIAN LONDON



ADDIE CHINN; ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW JOYCE

part of town

12 KUROBUTA
A Japanese izakaya with an impressive sake selection

13 ZETTER TOWNHOUSE (See map)

14 PERMIT ROOM
As if an Indian bar was airlifted to London

15 ARTESIAN
Fancy, central, not too crowded

16 BERMONDSEY ARTS CLUB
An Art Deco speakeasy that hosts live jazz on Wednesdays

17 REDEMPTION
Where to detox: the city's best place to drink juice

18 BRUNSWICK HOUSE
A bar in a renovated Georgian mansion (with a dessert menu)

19 THE ELECTRIC (See map)

20 CROCKER'S FOLLY
A mellow date spot full of marble and chandeliers

09. DON'T OVERLOOK THE "ETHIOPIA" SECTION OF THE WINE LIST Is Ethiopia's Great Rift Valley the next big thing in the wine world? French beverage company Castel, which recently produced 1.2 million bottles of merlots and syrahs near the small town of Ziway, says yes. **Experts selected the spot for its moderate climate** and shipped 750,000 vines from Bordeaux to get things growing. –A.R.

Keep the Passport Handy on Your Next Trip to Alsace

10. ▶ A trip to France's rustic Alsace region means **sipping some of the greatest dry white wines in the world**. As Jane Lopes, sommelier at New York City's Eleven Madison Park, will tell you, the only way to improve on this is to take a road trip over the border into the rolling hills of Germany's Rhine Valley. –JESSICA GLAVIN

Where to Stop	*What to Do*
ALSACE »	"The Alsace region is producing exciting and unpredictable wines right now. In the same day, you can drink super-lean, low-alcohol wines at **Trimbach** and then break open some of **Barmès-Buecher**'s biodynamic wines, which are entirely different vintage to vintage."
PFALZ »	"Over the German border, **Bassermann-Jordan** should be famous for its powerful whites, but Americans don't know it. At a tiny restaurant called **Eselsburg**, I got the 'expensive' carafe of white . . . for 4 euro. It was so bright, perfect for schnitzel."
NAHE »	"Even at **Dönnhoff Winery**, one of Germany's best producers, the riesling is super affordable. Spend the extra cash at nearby **Bäderhaus**, a no-clothing-allowed spa with a modern pool area flanked by back-in-time stone-and-wood steam rooms."
RHEINGAU »	"The wines at **Spreitzer** were so delicious, I filled my only suitcase with them. Try the vibrant, nervy **Spätlese Halbtrocken**. While there, don't miss the **Seilbahn Rüdesheim** gondola that runs up a hillside by the Rhine. The view made my heart stop."

11. YOU CAN DRINK SAKE AT HOME—AND DO IT RIGHT

by **AISLYN GREENE**

▶ Craft beers and artisanal gin are dinner party staples. But sake? That's usually relegated to the sushi bar—and even then, for most of us, ordering is just a stab in the dark. Enter Hayato Hishinuma, the guide behind the new 176-page bible named simply *Sake*, who drinks it at home "about 365 days a year." **To introduce sake to your next gathering, pick up a few bottles**—Hishinuma swears by *daiginjo*, which he says has "lots of pear, vanilla, and pineapple flavors"—and follow this step-by-step guide to serving sake the Japanese way.

Memorize this toast: "Dozo, dozo." It means "drink up."

The water used during sake brewing can dramatically affect taste. The harder the water, the richer the flavors.

If you don't have a sake serving set, Hishinuma suggests wine glasses, which also help release aromas.

More Online
Can't tell your ginjos *from your* junmais? *Get a mini sake sommelier class at afar.com/sake101.*

The Zen of Sake Serving



1 CHILL OUT

Sake is a lot like white wine—the taste and aroma shine most if it's slightly chilled. **Put bottles on ice 30 minutes** before the party begins.



2 LET IT FLOW

You only need two tools for serving: a *tokkuri* (pitcher) and small *ochoko* cups. The key is to sip from a wide-mouth vessel so the wine can wash over your whole tongue.



3 MIND TRADITION

Encourage everyone to pour for others but not for themselves. When being served, lift your cup from the table and cup your other hand beneath it.

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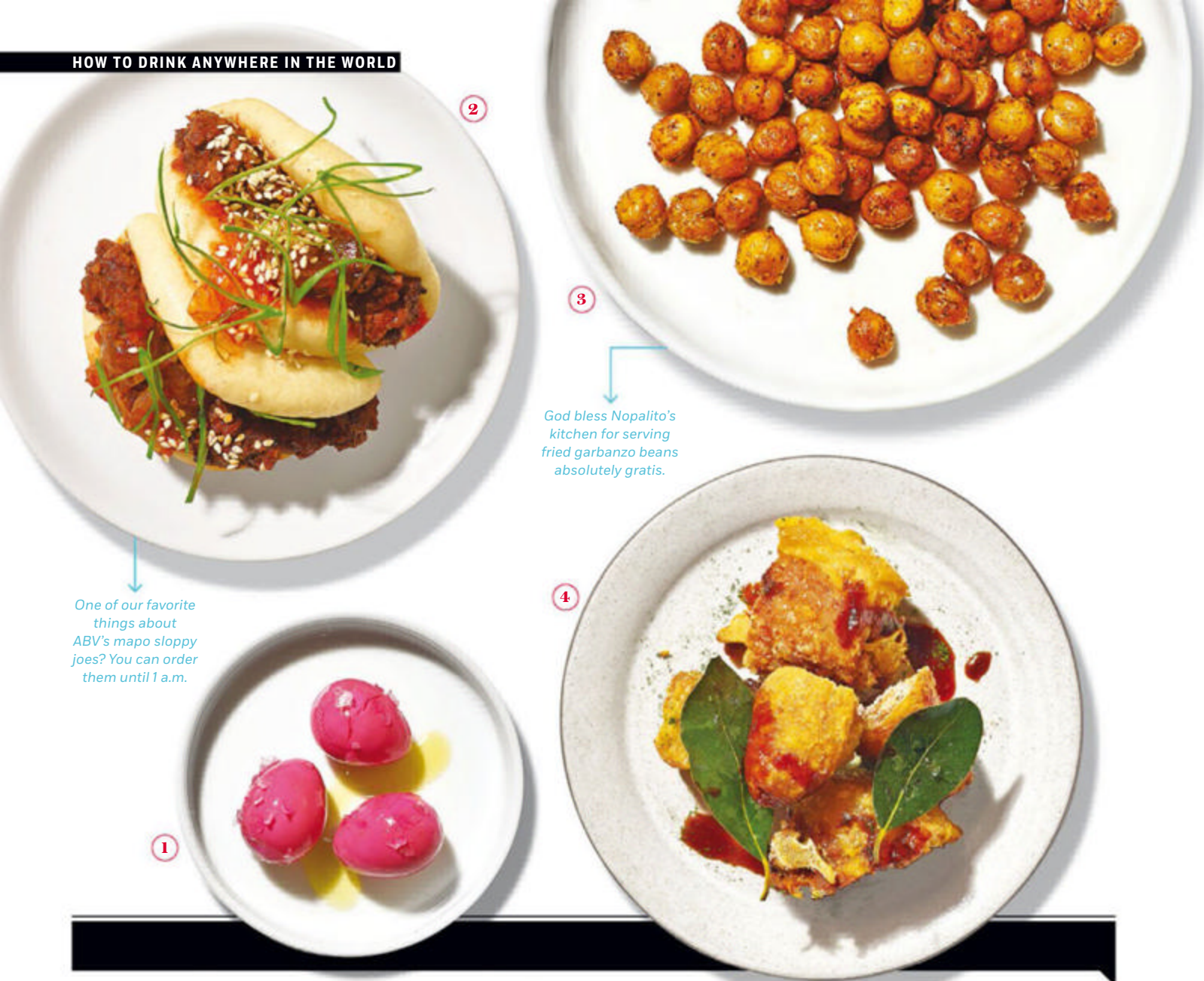
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2

One of our favorite things about ABV's mapo sloppy joes? You can order them until 1 a.m.

3

God bless Nopalito's kitchen for serving fried garbanzo beans absolutely gratis.

4

1

12. EAT (WELL) AT THE BAR

by **ANDREW RICHDALE & DANIELLE WALSH**

▶ **San Francisco** bars serve food that rivals even that at restaurants with a month-long waitlist.

1 OUR VOTE FOR THE NEW DEVILED EGGS

The Alembic's **pink quail eggs** are pickled overnight in coriander, allspice, and clove. They're tangy on the outside, creamy on the inside, and beg for a Sazerac or bitter beer.

2 TECHNICALLY A SLOPPY JOE

At **ABV**, you'll find upscale riffs on classic bar comforts, such as falafel-battered merguez corn dogs and these **mapo pork sloppy joes** served in steamed buns.

3 MORE SATISFYING THAN PEANUTS

Nopalito's fried garbanzo beans are simply addictive. After frying them in oil, the kitchen spices them with chili dust that's been roasted and ground in house.

4 FANCIER CHICHARRÓNES

Salty, fatty, and doused in an Italian sweet and sour agrodolce sauce, the **fried pig tails at Tosca** are just the thing to accompany the bar's list of rare Italian reds.

In the Birthplace of Porto, Drink Gin

13. ▶ When it heats up in **Porto, Portugal**, the last thing you want is a glass of the town's rich namesake port. That's why **The Gin Club** is such a savior. From the mirror-backed bar, you can **cool off with one of more than 150 gins and an impressive array of craft tonics**. Ask the bartender to guide you through the list, or just zero in on the smooth but powerful Sipsmith Dry English Gin. It may seem a very British thing to do, given the setting, but you'll be drinking it from a Portuguese *balão*—a traditional oversize chalice that's topped off with some chilling liquid nitrogen for a bit of added drama. —PETER WELTMAN

JEFFERY CROSS

Drinking and Singing? Always a Good Idea

14. ▶ Just don't sing out of tune. We contacted KJs in **our favorite karaoke bars** around the world to find out what song gets the most requests. —ABIGAIL BARONNIAN

1 LUXURY SU
SEOUL, KOREA

The vibe The rare high-end karaoke experience: Spacious rooms have velvet armchairs, big-screen televisions, and gilt-edged mirrors.
Most requested "Let It Go" (aka that song from *Frozen*), Idina Menzel

2 BAR ERROTAJA
HELSINKI, FINLAND

The vibe Intimate, open until 4 a.m., and just a few stumbles from a taxi line
Most requested "Wonderwall," Oasis

3 MELODY BAR
TORONTO, CANADA

The vibe Expect a rowdy, all-age crowd that favors ensemble performances.
Most requested "Don't Stop Believin'," Journey

4 IRISH PUB
MAINZ, GERMANY

The vibe Irish sports pub + Germans = lots of beer-fueled cheers
Most requested "My Heart Will Go On," Céline Dion (not joking!)

5 HARRY'S
NEW DELHI, INDIA

The vibe There are so many candles at this place, you'll feel like you're in an '80s music video.
Most requested "Summer of '69," Bryan Adams

COURTESY OF FU LU SHOU

15. HONG KONG HAS THE WORLD'S BEST COCKTAIL BARS

by **SARAH BAIRD**

▶ In fact, **they should just be called cocktail shrines**. And the best of them pour drinks that, no disrespect, you could never pull off at home.

1 FU LU SHOU

From a nondescript entrance, you take an elevator seven floors up to this funky rooftop bar. Everything from the cocktails to the countertops—covered in mah jongg tiles—is a playful nod to Chinese tradition.

▶ **Order This**

Fu Lu Shou's spicy Joh San, made with vodka, vinegar, lemon juice, lemongrass syrup, chilies, and fresh ginger juice, tastes like tom yum soup but better because . . . alcohol.

2 LITTLE L.A.B.

While the minimalist space on Staunton Street is comfortable, the provocative drinks, made from unlikely local ingredients such as milk tea and jujube (red dates), are made more to surprise than to comfort.

▶ **Order This**

An homage to the ginger stew eaten by new mothers in Hong Kong, the burn-so-good Newborn is a rum concoction similar to a Dark and Stormy (except for the cured egg part).

3 QUINARY

The high-minded bartenders at Quinary capitalize on their proximity on Hollywood Road to Hong Kong's best markets by browsing for unusual (and proprietary) regional spices that wake up all of your senses.

▶ **Order This**

Look for the Quinary Sour, the house spin on a whiskey sour that looks like liquid gold. The knockout ingredient is the homemade licorice and Chinese black sugar syrup.



Fu Lu Shou

More Online
Can't wait to try the drinks in Hong Kong? Find a simpler version of the spicy Quinary Sour at afar.com/quinary.

16. NEVER OUZO We prefer the similar, better, and just-as-traditional **Greek liquor *mastiha*** (look for the brand Skinos). Made from the sap of a tree found on Chios Island, the brandy has a sweet licorice taste that perfectly punctuates a seafood feast. **Drink it chilled, with a view of the Mediterranean.** —A.R.

Booze-Free Doesn't Have to Be a Buzzkill

17. ▶ The thing I miss most about living in **Cairo** is going out with my friends and drinking—and I don't mean drinking alcohol. **My most memorable nights were spent wandering *aahwa* (coffee) joints in downtown's Borsa area**. A perfect microcosm of the city, these bars are crowded, ramshackle, boisterous, and sensuous to the point of overload. Swarms of plastic tables and chairs spill out onto the street, as does conversation and laughter, the swirl of fragrant *shisha* (hookah) smoke, and the slap-clack-curse of backgammon games. And we had enough caffeine to go all night.
—NICK ROWLANDS

18. AUSTRALIANS HAVE THE BEST DRINKING WORDS

by **MYFFY RIGBY**

▶ What makes **Sydney** such an awesome city to drink in is the late hours and the locals, who party hard, are easy to meet, and speak in the most mysterious ways. Our friend Myffy, a local food and drink critic, shares **the perfect night out on the town** using her own very Aussie words. Translations provided.


Monopole

1 PRE-DINNER
Monopole
In the well-heeled Inner East, Monopole is the sort of wine bar that has hi-fi design, lo-fi sensibilities, and no goon. Don't miss the South African whites or the house-cured meats. *monopolesydney.com.au*

2 DINNER
Acme
This is where all of Sydney wants to eat right now. Devour macaroni elbows flavored with egg yolk and shreds of slow-cooked pig's head—like the world's most bonza carbonara, only slightly Filipino. *weareacme.com.au*

3 LATE
Rockpool Bar & Grill
Go for martinis and a minute steak (a thin cut that's simply turned and burned). After, limber up the laughing gear with a Polar Bear Frappe—a bracing shake-up of gin, pastis, and crème de menthe. *rockpool.com*

4 LATER
Bulletin Place
Appearances are deceiving here. Despite the rough-hewn, garage-band vibe, the drinks are all wins—everything from the blended mango daiquiris to the lethal schooners of whiskey with cherries. *bulletinplace.com*

5 LATEST
Frankie's
Room one: a classic red sauce pizza parlor. Room two: live music and local craft beers. Then there's room three, all the ingredients needed for late-night Aussie joy: a 12-seat-wonderland full of festoon lights and cans of Coopers. *frankiespizzaby theslice.com*

Goon (n)
Cheapo wine. Derived from a local drinking game, Goon of Fortune

Bonza (adj)
Retro Oz slang for anything that's ridiculously rad

Laughing gear (n)
The thing on your face you pour the drinks into

Schooner (n)
The standard pour of beer in most Aussie pubs (roughly 1.5 pints)

Coopers (n)
Actual Australian for beer. You won't find Foster's there.

19. CIDER IS NO JOKE "As with beer, a lot of people enter the world of cider with bad cider, which is cloyingly sweet and made from concentrate. But there's great cider to be had: **Québec's Neige is pleasantly syrupy and stiff**. In France, you'll find stuff that's yeasty with some funk—try the classic, Dupont. I especially enjoy Basque cider, which tastes so complex. Bartenders pour it from high above the glass to bring out all those flavors and aromas."
–Jeppe Jarnit-Bjergsø, the Dane behind beer-geek-approved Evil Twin brewery



FROM TOP: CHRIS CHEN, JEFFERY CROSS

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"LATER I THOUGHT, OK … I SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT RAW."

An acclaimed chef travels to Korea to discover his roots and the rich palette of a cuisine you might think you know.

by Russell Moore
photographs by Andrew Rowat









In Seoul's Gwangjang Market, this page, left, everyone drinks makgeolli, *a milky rice wine, while eating* bindaetteok, *pancakes made from ground mung beans.* Daetong *rice (with jujube, pine nut, and gingko nut) served in bamboo, right, is a dish at Deokinkwan Restaurant in Damyang. Opposite page: Gyeongbokgung Palace in Seoul has been restored several times since it was originally built in 1395.*

In 2008, after working for 20 years at Alice Waters' famed Chez Panisse restaurant in Berkeley, California, chef **Russell Moore**, with his wife, **Allison Hopelain**, opened Camino in Oakland. Moore gained immediate acclaim for his personal take on California cuisine, his commitment to local ingredients, and, most of all, his use of fire—cooking in a nine-foot-wide wood-burning fireplace. Not evident on Camino's menu was the fact that Moore, who grew up in Southern California, is half Korean. Indeed, even though he developed a curiosity about and a passion for Korean food, he had never been to his grandmother's homeland—until AFAR sent him and Hopelain to Seoul, the capital city, and Gwangju, the southern culinary hub, to examine his cultural heritage through the lens of Korea's markets, restaurants, and artisans.

Not Your Typical Korean Mom

My mom was born in Hawaii in a Korean-speaking household. Her mother was a postcard bride, and my mom never wanted to play the traditional role of the Korean woman. She didn't want to learn to cook—and she's not a very good cook. Growing up we ate a mishmash of Hawaiian-style Asian food, which sounds terribly derogatory, but it really was like the sloppy version of teriyaki, the sloppy version of soba, an abbreviated version of Korean food. We did have kimchi, which my father, who was white, never ate. And my mom made horrible, horrible white people food.

At a certain point, I got really into Korean food, and I became much more versed in it than my mom. When I started making kimchi, mine was a thousand times better than hers, and she was happy about that. She always said, "I'm responsible for you becoming a cook because I cooked so badly that you had to learn."

My Korean friends say, "In Korea when you want a certain dish, you go to the street that has it. If it's *bindaetteok* pancakes, you go to this particular area, and the restaurants make only bindaetteok. If you want *bossam*, there's an entire bossam alley."

I wanted to see that and see what it's really like in the homeland. How spicy is the food? Is the *banchan* very elaborate? Is it much better than what we have here?

Wiggling Octopus? OK. Sea Squirts? Not So Much

Our first meal in Seoul was in a bossam alley, where every shop serves the same thing. If one place is full, you just go to the



At Kisoondo Traditional Foods, in Changpyeong, two women plunge into the process of making doenjang *paste, working* meju *(blocks of dried soybeans) in saltwater brine before the mixture will ferment in giant clay pots. Congdu restaurant in Seoul, opposite page, serves slow-cooked pork belly in lotus leaf with salted shrimp caviar.*



BEYOND BIBIMBAP

A PRIMER TO CLASSIC KOREAN DISHES, SIDES, SAUCES & TIPPLES

BIBIMBAP
If you've eaten any Korean food, it's probably this: a bowl of rice topped with tidy piles of meat, sautéed veggies, and a sunny-side-up egg arranged like paint on an artist's palette. *Dolsot bibimbap* is served in a sizzling-hot stone bowl that makes a crunchy crust of rice along the edges.

GALBI
Barbecue, Korean-style. The classic version is marinated short ribs grilled over wood charcoal. Spinoffs include pork and chicken *galbi* and *tteokgalbi*, a patty of minced beef short rib that's as close as you'll come to a Korean hamburger.

BOSSAM
This assemble-it-yourself dish means "wrapped." What you'll wrap, usually in Napa cabbage or sometimes in lettuce, is thinly sliced boiled pork belly, plus a bit of radish salad and salted shrimp.

BINDAETTEOK
To call it a pancake doesn't really do it justice. Ground mung beans are pan fried with green onions, kimchi, or sometimes peppers till nice and crusty. It's so popular that it has made the jump from street food to restaurant staple.

HANJEONGSIK
An elaborate feast developed for Korean royalty, it arrives all at once, filling the tabletop with dozens of dishes, instead of one at a time, Western-style.

BANCHAN
A boggling smorgasbord of complimentary side dishes—kimchi, seaweed salad, pickles, bean sprouts, and more—comes with most Korean meals. Eat up, as refills are free.

KIMCHI
Korea's iconic side dish of spicy and sour fermented vegetables.

GOCHUJANG
Although the spicy condiment doesn't look so unlike ketchup, it's made from red chili, glutinous rice, fermented soybeans, and salt.

DOENJANG
A fermented soybean paste that's relied upon to add more depth and umami to so many Korean dishes. It's something like miso—but on steroids.

MAKGEOLLI
The milky white rice wine everyone drinks while gobbling bindaetteok is a million times better when fresh, rather than heated and sealed for an overseas journey.

SOJU
A clear, powerful, and ubiquitous booze, à la vodka, that's distilled from rice, barley, wheat, or potatoes and served neat or in cocktails.

—LISA TROTTIER


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자연산
자연산광어
自然(天然)産 黃魚(比目魚)专门

next. The table was dirty and sticky, but those kinds of things don't necessarily indicate whether the food is going to be good or not. The pork belly was delicious, the kimchi was great, and we drank a lot of *soju*.

The next day we ate in the Noryangjin fish market. You basically go through and pick out some fish and then take it to the back wall, where there are all these little restaurants. You hand them the fish, and they help you figure out what you want done to it and cook it up for you. Everyone is hounding you, *come, bring your food over here*.

We went with a woman who prepared the fish a couple of ways—including live, which I didn't want to eat. Through some sort of broken communication, we could tell she was saying, *do you want this one raw?* We were trying to ask, *well, what's the best way to have this?* I don't have that bro thing where I want to eat live fish that's still wiggling.

However, we bought some little octopus, *sannakji*, which were everywhere, and when they serve them to you, they're still moving around. And what? I wasn't going to eat them? On the plate, a tentacle would stretch out and shrink and then stretch out and shrink, and you'd just pick it up and eat it. You dip them in sesame oil so they don't stick to your throat, because the little suction cups are still active. It was really tasty. We also had a sea squirt, which is like a sea cucumber, and that was gross. Later, I read chef Roy Choi's thoughts on sea squirts and thought, *OK, I shouldn't have eaten that raw*.

How Many Ways Can You Make Kimchi?

After two nights in Seoul, we took the train south to Gwangju. It felt like the country—they don't get tourists from the United States. There were signs everywhere advertising a kimchi festival. When we found it, there were what seemed like thousands of booths, all serving kimchi. There were only about eight ingredients but prepared 800 different ways. It was intense. After a while, you were thinking, *the clam kimchi over there was pretty good, but, I don't know, the clam one here's pretty good, too*. The fun part was that there were all these grandmothers out there rubbing chilies on kimchi and wrapping it up and serving it. It did feel touristy, but for Korean tourists.

Eat Like a Monk. Or a Panda.

We had one fancy meal in Gwangju. We wanted to try *hanjeongsik*, a traditional, ceremonial kind of feast, so we went to Myeong Seon Heon. The woman who ran it was a well-known Korean chef, but I don't think you get at the heart of a city by eating at the fanciest restaurants. Outside of Gwangju, in Damyang, there's a bamboo forest and a bamboo museum. We had lunch at Deokinkwan Restaurant, famous for its bamboo dishes. There were a lot of vegetables, bamboo, rice cooked in a bamboo sauce with jujube, gingko nut, and pine nuts. The meal was clean and light. It felt like we were having Buddhist food, simple like a monk would eat—in a great way.

The one meaty thing we had there was *tteokgalbi*, which was revelatory. It was short ribs, opened up, the bone removed, and the meat chopped by hand. Then they stuck the bone back in, so it was like a little hamburger kebob. When you first see it, you think, *is it really a short rib?* But there's the bone right there. I think Koreans really want to chew on the bone. Korean barbecue is not my favorite thing in the world, but that was delicious and different, and we had never seen it done that way.





In Seoul, far left, you can buy fresh fish from a vendor in the vast Noryangjin Fish Market, opposite page, and can have it cooked at one of the stalls in the back. Tteokgalbi, *grilled chopped short ribs, anchors a meal at Deokinkwan Restaurant in Damyang, this page, right.*



Meju, *blocks of dried fermented soybeans, opposite page, are used to make the red chili paste* gochujang, *this page, aged in clay pots at Kisoondo Traditional Foods in Changpyeong.*



A Serious Pickle

The best experience on the trip was an inadvertent visit to the sauce master in Changpyeong, Damyang. The man whose house we were staying in ended up being our guide because we had no other transportation. He was taking us to lunch, but on the way he took us by Kisoondo Traditional Foods, where this woman, Soon Do Ki, with her whole family helping her out, makes soy sauce, *gochujang*, and *doenjang*. She had chilies and soybeans fermenting together in big crocks outside. When we got there, she was washing barley for a barley honey. She was horrified that we saw her like that and went inside and put on her "real" clothes. She served us different kimchis she had made, and we had a tasting of new soy sauce, year-old soy sauce, and then really, really old soy sauce. It was so different from Japanese or Chinese soy sauce. The gochujang was aged and had this earthy, funky depth—I brought some back for the Camino kitchen, and we use it at staff meals. She also served us a pickle, just in soy sauce. It had been buried outside for over a year. She went out and got a piece of it and cut it very small. Her son was looking at us like, *don't fuck around, you're about to receive something good*. It was incredible, with subtle, deep flavor. It blew us all away.





Grilling well-marbled meat at the table (at Park Dae Gam Nae BBQ in Seoul, far left) is almost as traditional as the costume of the royal guard at Deoksugung Palace in Seoul, left, or the Hanok-style homes along the river in Damyang, opposite page.



MAP BY JULIE EDWARDS

Where Bibimbap Was Born

We had heard that Jeonju, about 50 miles north of Gwangju, was the birthplace of *bibimbap*. During the trip, we'd been having a hard time communicating with cabdrivers. Travel is so easy now—you can look on your computers and smartphones, and in many parts of the world everyone speaks English—but it's not like that in Korea, which is awesome. We got into a cab with a driver who spoke no English but when we said "Jeonju," he immediately looked up and said "Bibimbap?" After he dropped us off in town, deciding which place to have bibimbap was a challenge. The one we randomly chose had this Soviet Union–era look to it. It felt desolate and quiet and made us think, *is this really the right restaurant?* But we sat down, and they kicked into gear and put plate after plate of stuff in front of us.

There were some mountain vegetables I didn't recognize: rooty-, weedy-tasting things. They could have been foraged or cultivated. The herbs were especially good—that's something I'm going to experiment with more in our restaurant. Even the bean sprouts had flavor. And the gochujang was good. I don't eat much bibimbap at home. It's just not very exciting. I think maybe it's because of the imported gochujang, which can be sweet and cloying. This was a completely satisfying meal, by far the best bibimbap we've ever had. We left thinking, *OK, that was the right choice.*

Pancakepalooza

Back in Seoul, we went looking for bindaetteok in the giant Gwangjang market in Seoul. Every street has a specialty—hardware, clothing, whatever. We went around this corner and all of sudden, it was like a city block of pancakes. There were these big carousel-like machines grinding the mung beans, making it kind of dusty and smoky. People were bustling around grabbing seats in front of these little pancake places. It was chaos. We found a place that had a big line leading to it, and we thought *th s is the one* We had a round of pancakes and drank *makgeolli*. That's what everyone else was doing. Makgeolli and pancakes: it was weird meal. It's hard to describe what was great about the pancakes. They weren't spongy or heavy. Some had scallions in them, some didn't. The funny part is, we were just about done with our pancakes and we thought, *wow, that was really a great find!* Then we got up to walk away and we saw a bigger line. We were a little bit tipsy and said, *let's do it again!* And we did.

Photographer Andrew Rowat is profiled on page 18.





* *If you cook like you walk, I'll eat even the burned part.*

Si cocinas como caminas, me como hasta la raspita*

With everyone hungry to visit Cuba now, photographer João Canziani and writer David Vega spent a week in the island's markets, cafés, paladares, and home kitchens. Along the way, they met people who are hopeful about the change in the air but who learned long ago to make the best of what they've got.





Dinner at La Guarida: pork with mango chutney and black pig's ear mushrooms.



La Guarida's tablecloths hang to dry.

LETTERING BY ALEX PALOMINO

THE TABLE'S READY.

Dining options outside the traditional state-run restaurants in Cuba took a major turn in the 1990s with the rise of *paladares*, privately owned eateries often in family homes.

In an effort to relieve the economic crisis after the dissolution of the Soviet Union, the government began allowing citizens to open restaurants. La Guarida occupies the third floor of an aging multifamily tenement in Havana. Used as a set for the Oscar-nominated 1993 Cuban film ***Fresa y Chocolate***, the building was the childhood home of La Guarida proprietor Enrique Núñez.

"Before the restaurant, I worked as a telecommunications engineer for $1.50 a month," says Núñez. "I said to my wife, 'Let's do something with all of this, let's change our lives.'" How their lives might change if more visitors come to Havana is an open question. "With the easing of U.S. travel restrictions, everyone expects a big increase in business," Núñez says, "but it will still be difficult to get good ingredients. I bring back a suitcase of spices every time I travel."



A butcher waits for the next customer at Mercado Agropecuario de 42 y 19.



COME BACK TOMORROW TO SEE IF WE HAVE ANY.

Food rationing was instituted in Cuba in 1962, and some goods, such as beef, remain restricted and perennially scarce. During the severest shortages of the 1990s, says Havana resident Teresa "Tere" Orizondo, "it was very hard to get meat. And fish was never fish—it was *pescado con plumas* [fish with feathers]." Shoppers today might use their ration books to pick up subsidized staples (sugar, rice, beans, cooking oil, eggs) and then see what's on offer at a privately owned business such as the meat kiosk in the Mercado Agropecuario de 42 y 19 in Havana's Playa district. "Milk, even now," says Orizondo, "is only available for young children and the elderly."

Pork is the most popular—and most widely available—meat in Cuba.

Vamos a caerle al banquete

LET'S EAT!

The ingredients for a Cuban family feast might include rations from the government, recorded in a logbook for each citizen called *la libreta* (top left), and fruits and vegetables grown in gardens at home, on rooftops, or in empty lots. The recipe for the pork dish prepared here by Tere Orizondo and her sister Delia may have been derived from a treasured 1980s cookbook (bottom center).



Dinner is served: oven-roasted pork, black beans, fried plantains, cabbage and tomato salad, and carrot salad.





PIERNA DE PUERCO ASADA

1 pierna de puerco (6 libras aproximadamente)
1 cabeza de ajo
¾ taza de jugo de naranja agria
1 cucharada de orégano
2 cucharaditas de comino
½ cucharadita de pimienta
2 cucharadas de sal
1 libra de cebollas

Limpie la pierna y perfórela en varias partes con la punta de un cuchillo. Machaque los ajos, agregue la sal, orégano, comino, pimienta y el jugo de naranja agria. Unte bien la pierna con este mojo. Cúbrala con las cebollas cortadas en rondas y déjela reposar 12 horas por lo menos. Hornéela a 325°F (160°C) durante 4 horas aproximadamente (o una temperatura precalentada). Si utiliza termómetro de asados debe esperar a que este marque 185°F. Da de 8 a 10 raciones.

PULPETA

½ libra de carne de res
½ libra de carne de puerco
1 lacón de carne prensada (*Spam*)
1 cucharadita de sal
¼ cucharadita de pimienta
1 cebolla molida
4 huevos
¾ taza de pan o galleta molida (aproximadamente)
2 huevos duros
1¼ taza de galleta molida
½ taza de grasa (puerco o manteca)
1 diente de ajo
1 cebolla
1 hoja de laurel
½ cucharadita de orégano
1 taza de vino seco

Mezcle la carne de res y puerco. Cuélas bien con el *Spam*. Añada la cebolla molida, sal, pimienta y el ajo desleído. Agregue 2 huevos batidos y la galleta o pan molido hasta que tenga consistencia. Póngale los huevos duros en el centro y dóle forma de alhelíes. Enmantequille 2 ó 3 veces en 2 huevos batidos y suficiente can-

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gidad de galleta o pan molido. Caliente la grasa. Dore en ella el diente de ajo y después eche la pulpeta y vírela varias veces para que se dore por todos los lados (a fuego moderado para que no se queme). Añada la cebolla cortada en rueda, la hoja de laurel, el orégano y el vino seco. Cocínelo a fuego lento unos 40 minutos. Puede servirla fría o caliente. Da de 6 a 8 raciones.

PULPETA CON ZANAHORIA

1½ tazas de carne molida
¾ taza de zanahoria cruda rallada
½ pimiento
½ ajo puerro (la parte blanca)
1 huevo
2½ cucharaditas de sal
1 cucharadita de pimentón
¼ cucharadita de pimienta
½ cucharadita de comino
½ cucharadita de orégano
6 cucharadas de galleta molida
1 zanahoria hervida (entera)

EMPANIZADO

1 huevo
1½ tazas de galleta molida

SALSA

2 cucharadas de grasa (acrite o manteca)
½ pimiento
½ ajo puerro (la parte verde)
½ taza de puré de tomate
¼ taza de vino seco
1½ tazas de galleta molida
1 cucharada de vinagre
1½ cucharaditas de azúcar
1 cucharadita de sal
½ cucharadita de comino
¼ cucharadita de orégano
1 hoja de laurel

Añádale a la carne molida la zanahoria rallada, pimiento y ajo puerro [illegible] bien picadito. Bata el huevo con la sal, pimentón, pimienta, comino y orégano. Añádalo a la carne con zanahoria. Revuelva hasta mez-

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Havana musician Alberto Osvaldo Cruz Ramos takes a break in Bar Cafetería Las Alegrías.



VISITING CUBA : THE NEW RULES

> U.S. citizens can now visit Cuba without a license from the Treasury Department, so long as the travel falls into one of 12 categories, including educational activity, professional research, and humanitarian work. Trips that are purely tourism are still prohibited. Visit *treasury.gov* for details.

> Travel agents and airlines can book direct flights to Cuba for U.S. citizens without a special license.

> Don't expect to bring back a case of Cuban cigars: U.S. citizens are allowed to import only up to $100 in alcohol and tobacco products.

For more images of Cuba by João Canziani (profiled on page 18), go to afar.com/cubaouttakes.

A guava turnover from a sweet shop at the corner of Calle Lealtad and Calle San Rafael in Havana.



THE NEXT WAVE

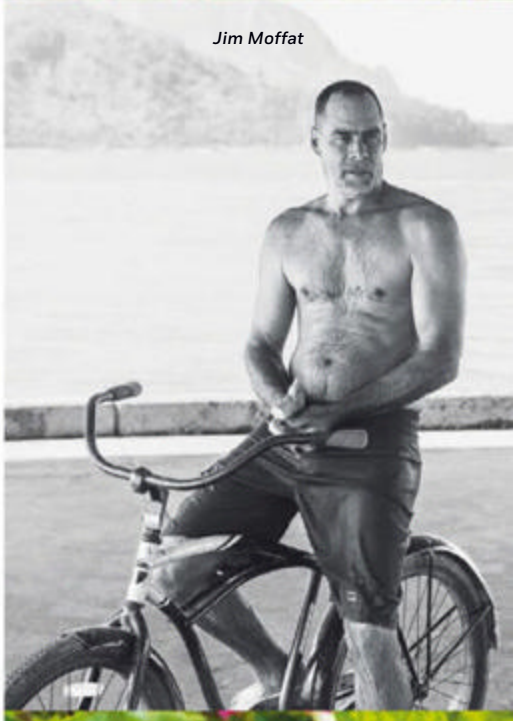


CHEFS AND COWBOYS, CHICKENS AND MONGOOSES, GUITARS AND KING KONG— THEY'VE ALL FOUND NEW LIVES ON KAUAI, AN ISLAND WHERE THE ONLY CONSTANT IS CHANGE.

BY CHRIS COLIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KYLE JOHNSON LETTERING BY CHELSEA PETAJA





Jim Moffat



PORTS CARS, GIGGLING TWENTYSOMETHING companions, getting the band back together: The midlife crisis field is littered with cheap balms unequal to the deep, existential dread they seek to soothe. I know this from my own midlife whatever. *Crisis* is too sophisticated a term for an embarrassingly banal truth: I work, like most of us do, too much. I'd booked a trip to Kauai because I'd begun to see myself the way my young children must see me—as a man bent over a laptop. And I'd heard things about Kauai.

Of course there are the serene white beaches. But there's an erratic beauty to the island that places Kauai in its own category. In some stretches you're in China, the tall, dramatic peaks a haunting Taoist painting. Around the next bend, wide plains of marshland open up: cow here, stream there, pure Vietnam. Then the sheer, Seussian strangeness of the mountain shapes feels like the U.S. Southwest, but with its pokey spires and pinnacles draped in oversaturated, acid-trip green.

My traveling horde—kids, wife, parents, me—rented a place in Hanalei, the quiet town you might remember from *The Descendants*, and the town you might mistakenly drive right through because it's the size of a sand dollar. A faded strip mall, a juice stand, some unfussy shops, a tidy green missionary church, and you've passed it. An election was coming up, and campaign signs had sprouted up in many of the front yards we passed. This buff, serious-looking guy named Barca was running for mayor of Kauai County. The dude was wearing a T-shirt in his picture. No jacket, no tie. I mean, how do you not think about restarting in a place where politics asks no more of you than a rummage through the underwear drawer?

EVERYONE I KNOW SEEMS TO KNOW SOMEONE WHO LIT OUT FOR KAUAI. It was Jim Moffat's tale, which I'd overheard some restaurant junkies recount one day, that grabbed me most. It began on the back of a motorcycle, this stubbly-handsome dude from Canada roaring to San Francisco in the early '80s. He found work as a cook, one of the few jobs available to someone without papers. He made his way up the food chain, gig by gig, until one day he was chef at a hip little bistro called the Slow Club. And then he owned the restaurant. And then he opened another, called 42 Degrees.

Restaurants fail, but not Moffat's. The word "extraordinary" issued from the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s Michael Bauer—a burger that rivals Zuni Café's, he wrote, shortcake about which he'd "have dreams all summer." *Food & Wine* named Moffat one of America's 10 best new chefs of 1996. He was the next big thing in the Bay Area food scene. Then he walked away.

When Moffat relocated, he had no real idea what the island would bear. As it happens, it would bear a classy little tapas restaurant. Bar Acuda is an airy, woody place, inside giving way to outside without much fuss, and we met up there on a Monday morning. He wandered out from the kitchen, grabbed a fresh croissant for us to split, and guided us to a table on the deck. To my relief, Moffat displayed neither cheesy white-man's dreads nor ragged-beach-bum's pit bull. Nothing against the dreadlocked vagabonds of the world; I respect their lifestyle's portability. But the older I get, the more I notice that when people heroically rip everything up to start over in some magical place, often there







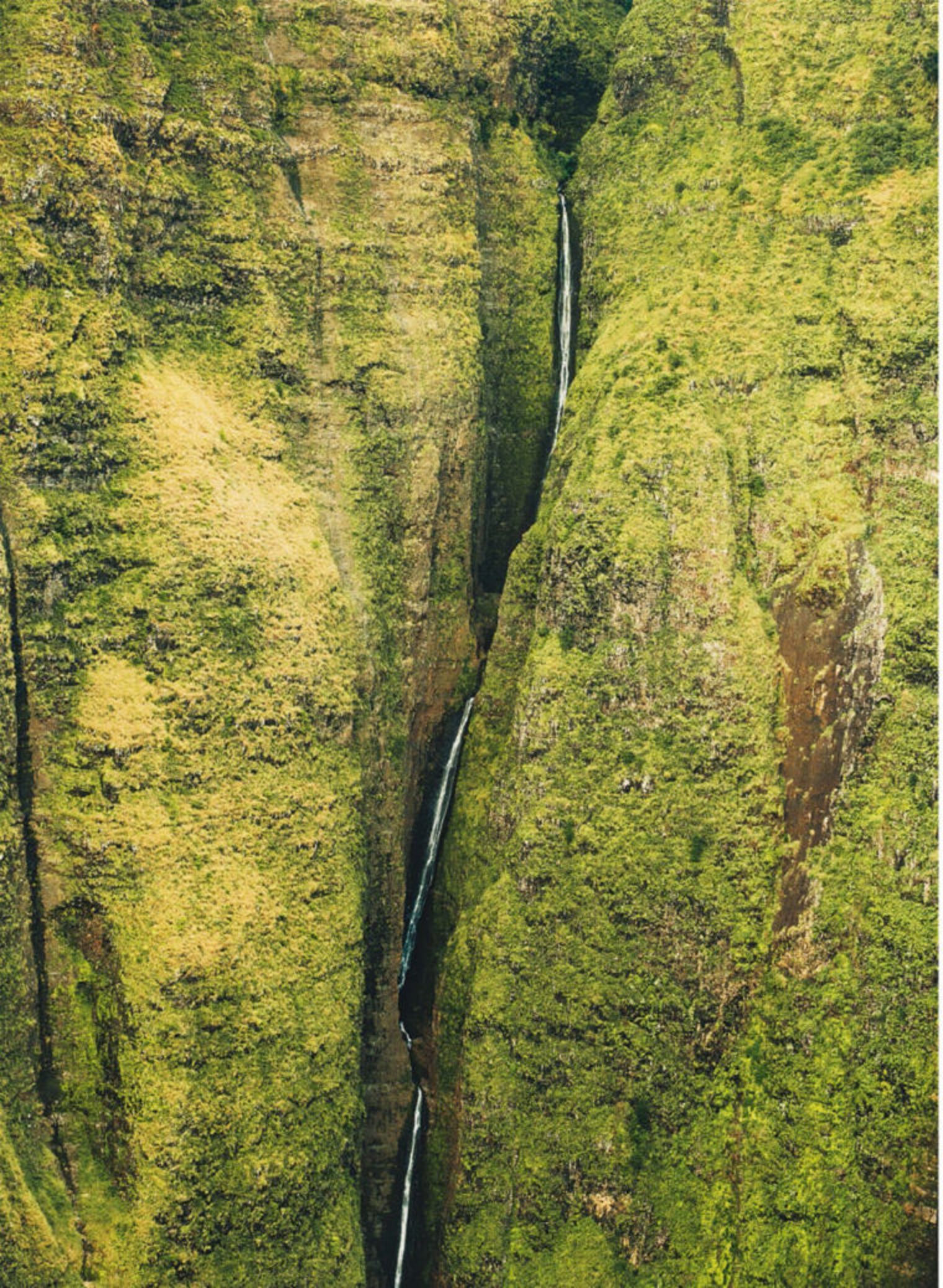

Dustin Barca



AT ONE POINT I LEARNED THAT FILTERS ON MY CAMERA PHONE ACTUALLY DIMINISHED THE PICTURES I WAS SNAPPING.

REALITY IN HANALEI IS ALREADY PEAK. IMPROVEMENTS DEGRADE IT.





wasn't that much to rip up in the first place. The rest of us have patiently and boringly spent years building careers, deepening friendships, and slogging through unused Groupons from 2009. We're anchored.

That was Moffat's appeal to me, the promise that he might illuminate a path for anchorees like me, people for whom the first step is simply seeing that it can be done. The guy left a great career and found a place where he can surf each morning and become a James Beard semifinalist in the afternoon. Now I was sitting across from him, under some rustling palm fronds and boisterous bird shrieks, asking how he became someone who became someone else. For Moffat it required a dark and stormy night.

"I still remember the moment," he said. "I'd come for a visit, and I was out on this golf course, of all places, out near Princeville, northeast of Hanalei. This crazy rainstorm swept in. It felt like a monsoon, and I just started running across the grass. It was this amazing feeling. I didn't have the restaurant lined up yet or anything. But I knew I was moving here."

I sat quietly for a moment, picturing this slender, middle-aged chef bent into the wind, sprinting across a steaming hunk of wet earth. I can't say I held a firm understanding of why that experience was transformative. But it made sense on a cosmic level, and maybe that's where these conversions occur. And that was it. Moffat shipped his things from California, found a failing restaurant, and presented Hanalei with its first upscale tapas place. "Topless," they mocked—there's a resistance here to carpetbaggers. But he persevered and made incredible food, and the mockers became the regulars, alongside the visiting mainlanders.

That was a decade ago. Today, Bar Acuda is a bustling, soft-jazz-filled success. The gamble worked. He lives two blocks from work, puts in 20 hours a week instead of 12 a day, and starts each morning on a surfboard or looking for shells with his kids. He volunteers at the local school, has a wardrobe that revolves around three pairs of shorts. "The other day I went to the bank and realized I was barefoot," he told me. "There's something really right about that."

Within an hour I'd carted my family to the beach, a part of the planet where I've never, ever been able to work on a laptop.

WATER KEPT GETTING IN MY MASK. I've had the thing since the 1700s, roughly. Didn't matter—all I cared about was this gorgeous, moronic purple fish that kept drifting behind this or that bit of reef. I fluttered after it until my fellow beachgoers were specks.

So it went for the rest of the day, and the next day and the next. The botanical gardens felt like a movie set. The surfboard I rented stayed under my feet for an implausible 10 seconds. The periodic rainstorms were refreshing and dramatic, a commercial for rainstorms. Even the Spam I cooked one day—no, that was just springy and weird. But otherwise we were in the realm of the unreal. At one point I learned that filters on my camera phone actually diminished the pictures I was snapping. Reality in Hanalei is already peak. Improvements degrade it.

One morning we scrambled up the bright green spine of Makana Mountain. As part of the ancient *'ōahi* celebration, native Hawaiians used to hurl burning *pāpala* spears over the cliffs to our right, into the inky black of a Kauai night. The winds shooting up the cliff walls could carry the flaming wood a mile out to sea. Those watching from canoes would try to catch falling embers. The successful got to scar themselves with the smoldering shards, a searing memento.

The fire flew through the 19th century, then stopped, one of countless traditions to vaporize along with the monarchy. The next king around here was King Kong, who romped around the Honopu Valley during the filming of the 1976 remake. Of course he did. Something new is always arriving in Kauai; some older thing is always going away.

I stood considering this on the mountain, the air humid and thick, pregnant with not just the chance of rain but the chance of anything. Go to the desert and there's that timelessness; you feel the unchanging eons. But Hawaii itself is change, a pleasant series of arrivals. In a sense, everything is a Jim Moffat in some way. It's what entices you to research local elementary schools and to picture the sad-happy good-bye party you'd throw.

It was only later that I started to consider how atypical the chef's story was. Over the next few days, I kept meeting others who, like him, had thrown old lives overboard. Unlike Moffat, most had discovered no magical reprieve from the stresses of life. They loved it here, sure—but they sounded awfully busy. At the Hanalei farmers' market, among the rambutan, papaya, apple-bananas, *longan*, *noni*, and açai, I chatted with the dude selling taro burgers. Twenty-three years ago, Dave McEntee came over from California with two surfboards and $40. Now he's in taro, and leads horseback rides, and runs the Kauai farm owned by Bill Kreutzmann, longtime Grateful Dead drummer. Two surfboards and $40 doesn't cut it anymore. "You have to work a lot to live in paradise," he said.

I bought a shot of berry juice from Vivian, who left Colorado for Kauai two years ago, at 19. She backpacked around until she met a 73-year-old biodynamic farmer who showed her the ropes. Now she's a farmer herself, so happy that she lured her mother from the mainland, too. I chatted with Melanie Moore, from Houston, who also works for a living, as a housecleaner. As she spoke, my picture of Moffat was transforming a little. In my mind he'd stood for anyone who wished to trade the hectic life for a beautiful, sane one. But in reality he was a mythic figure even here. Life's a slog wherever you go, no less so in a paradise where everyone must compete for a slot.

And the island is chock-full of competitors, nonnatives who came over and made their way: the first wave of Europeans, of course, but also the ubiquitous and vaguely absurd Kauai chickens, and the gorgeous strawberry guava trees, and the sweet, pig-snouted softshell turtles, and the mongooses, brought to Hawaii to kill rats, which also weren't native and which, by the way, didn't die. Even the Polynesians came over at one point, too. Hell, Kauai itself isn't entirely native. Go back far enough and this was a boringly island-free bit of ocean.

"THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE STORY HERE, SINCE FOREVER." A trim, wispily bearded young guy in shades was talking to me on a broad beach. We were way out by the wild eastern edge of the Na Pali Coast, where even the tiny juice stands disappear and the tin-roofed homes tuck farther into the trees. If you follow pro surfing or MMA fighting, you'd recognize Dustin Barca instantly. The 33-year-old athlete is known around the world. After seeing his face—and T-shirt—on all those campaign signs around Hanalei, I felt like I knew him, too.

After a solemn handshake, he'd led me down a narrow, sandy path engulfed in bushes. We talked about his dream of wrenching his island away from that other invasive species—development—and bringing it back to the more soulful roots he'd known as a boy. "There's nothing wrong with [mainlanders] coming here to start new lives," he said. "I just want to make sure we don't lose who we are."

Twenty-five hundred miles from San Francisco, I was having the 2,500th gentrification conversation of my life. On cue, a woman in bright tourist gear wandered by with her two kids. The kids were gathering shells, but the woman . . . I recognized the look in her eyes as she scanned this secluded stretch of coast. It was the *how can I keep it?* look. I was supposed to see this as part of the problem. But

A KAUAI TASTING TOUR

If you drive the 30 miles from Lihue, where the aiport is, to Hanalei in less than an hour, you're doing it wrong. The coastal route around Kauai's northeast corner is made for snack stops. Here's how to take it slow and eat well, starting in Lihue.

HAMURA SAIMIN
The local answer to ramen, *saimin* is a brothy noodle bowl uniquely Hawaiian in its melding of Filipino, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and Korean immigrant cuisines. Hamura is a likably divey lunch-counter kind of place. Don't miss the *lilikoi* chiffon pie.
2956 Kress St., Lihue, 808-245-3271

MERMAIDS CAFE
This colorful old hippie spot has a happy vibe and a terrific ahi nori wrap—a sushi burrito, essentially.
4-1384 Kuhio Hwy., Kapaa, 808-821-2026, mermaidskauai.com

FARMERS' MARKET
Let it be Wednesday. The 3 p.m. market at Kapaa features gobs of farmers, and all the dragon fruit, cherimoya, and Japanese eggplant you require.
Kapaa New Town Park, Kahau Rd., Kapaa, 808-822-5887, kauaigrown.org/kapaa-farmers-market

MOLOA'A SUNRISE JUICE BAR
Locals just call it the fruit stand, and the giant acai bowl is a highlight: locally made granola plus apple, banana, and other fruit from the island.
6011 Koolau Rd., Anahola, 808-822-1441, moloaasunrisejuicebar.com

WISHING WELL SHAVE ICE
Chopped extra fine and addressed with the right syrup, a good heap of shave ice highlights all that's wrong with a mainlander's snow cone. Served out of an old truck tucked prettily into the trees, Wishing Well Shave Ice might just be the island's best.
5-5066 Kuhio Hwy., Hanalei

TROPICAL TACO
When a sunny day on Hanalei Bay calls out for fish tacos, this little spot does the trick. Island prices but also island freshness.
5-5088 Kuhio Hwy., Hanalei, 808-827-8226, tropicaltaco.com

ST. REGIS PRINCEVILLE BAR
To finish your tour, you might as well go all-in and circle around to watch someone saber the top off a fancy bottle of champagne—at sunset with perhaps the best view of Hanalei Bay.
5520 Ka Haku Rd., Princeville, 808-826-9644, stregisprinceville.com




HELL, KAUAI ITSELF ISN'T ENTIRELY NATIVE.
GO BACK FAR ENOUGH AND THIS WAS A BORINGLY ISLAND-FREE BIT OF OCEAN

ALOHA ON A PLATE

Every evening on the North Shore of Kauai, diners pack Bar Acuda for Mediterranean-inspired tapas that highlight local products.



*The **beet salad** features multiple varieties of beets and goat cheese from a farm that has fewer than 20 goats.*



*Bar Acuda's best-selling item is the **cheese and honey plate** with honey made by some of Kauai's millions of bees.*



***Ahi tuna** is available year-round. For the carpaccio, ice-cold tuna is pounded thin and served with local citrus.*

"The key is taking the finest ingredients and not doing much with them," says chef Jim Moffat. He frequently changes his seasonal menu and sources such produce as citrus, avocados, fennel, and herbs from his home garden and the Hanalei Elementary School Garden, a program for local students that he helps run. Moffat often shops at farmers' markets, but locals know they can also sell their fruits and vegetables at Bar Acuda's back door. One firefighter even drives his 30-foot ladder truck to drop off cases of tangelos. "If you have a vacation rental and there's something ripe, bring it to me," says Moffat, who promises a gift certificate in exchange. His food philosophy creates a dining experience that's greater than the sum of its dishes. "It's about the lifestyle more than anything." —*LARA TAKENAGA*

it was impossible not to see, too, all the hours she had worked back home, late to pick up the kids or parking them with a nanny more than she'd like. Of course you want to keep it. You want to keep every last damn shell.

IT HAD BEEN ONE OF OUR TYPICAL AFTERNOONS THAT WEEK, and my wife and our daughter and I snuck away to jump off the historic Hanalei Bay pier. If you've gone down the rabbit hole of who-belongs-where in Hawaii, a pier is sweetly democratic. Local kids and tourist kids backed up, got a running start, and leaped into the warm air a good 10 feet above the water. A small epiphany: What's the opposite of living a life bent over a laptop? Surely it is your own child's compact, porpoise-like body crashing into you.

When we'd had our fill, we drove through town to a small building on the edge of a taro field. We were late and wet, and we filed in quietly, adding our shoes to the three dozen pairs outside the door. We padded to folding chairs in the back, where the rest of our crew already sat. At the front, a man with a gray beard and a ponytail held an acoustic guitar in his lap. Beside him a peaceful-looking woman with two long gray braids was talking about cows.

She was that soothing kind of person who closes her eyes when she speaks. Then she picked up her ukulele. Slack-key music is sunset music, Sandy McMaster was saying; her husband, Doug, nodded. But what filled the Hanalei Community Center felt more like the warm, gentle water we were in an hour ago—not the jumping-in part but the calmer moments after we'd jump, gently bobbing in the ancient waves, watching the next folks jump, watching the massive green hills spill down to the coast.

Between songs, Sandy told the story behind slack-key. All this started with cows, she said. In the 1790s, Captain George Vancouver gave Hawaii's King Kamehameha a handful of longhorn cattle. They had the run of the Big Island. By the time they numbered in the thousands, the beasts were trampling the crops. Hawaiians didn't know much about cattle, so Kamehameha III called California.

In the 1830s, a team of *vaqueros* made the voyage to Hawaii—seafaring pest control, essentially—determined to restore the island to its unadulterated, no-marauding-cows state. Except you can't do that. I mean, you can stop marauding cows, but you can't roll back time. So in dealing with one intruder, they introduced another: When the vaqueros returned to the mainland, some left their guitars behind. The locals kept playing them, and the result was a style of playing based on the slackened-string tunings they'd come up with. They had no formal music theory, so tunings were named for places and feelings; you'd have a "taro patch" tuning, a "*wahine*" tuning.

Sitting under the swaying ceiling fans, rain drumming on the windows, I realized I didn't want to leave my life on the mainland. Maybe I wasn't ready to deal with the guilt I would feel over being another invader. Maybe I thought I was more likely to end up selling taro burgers than achieving some Jim Moffat–like ideal. Maybe at this point in my life, I actually needed the fantasy more than a new reality. When the concert ended, I stopped just short of spending my life savings on slack-key guitar CDs.

That night, the wife and I gussied up as much as vacationers can and made our way to Bar Acuda. We ate everything that would fit: housemade chorizo, local honeycomb with goat cheese, medjool dates with celery salad. We talked about the vaqueros coming after the cows, and slack-key musicians coming after them. We talked about Dustin Barca, who in two months would fail to become Kauai's mayor. We ate a peach and almond galette.

I hoped Moffat would drift out, in that way chefs drift out. When he didn't, I realized this was better. In fact, this was the whole point. He wasn't working. This mythical guy was on the beach, under the moon. Or maybe he was singing to his kids. Or he'd gone for a run on that sweep of grass near Princeville, for old time's sake, letting that hectic jettisoned life come back to him for a moment before heading home to organize the day's gathering of shells.

AFAR *contributing writer Chris Colin wrote about foraging in Oregon's coastal waters in the January/February 2015 issue. Photographer Kyle Johnson is profiled on page 18.*

EXCHANGE

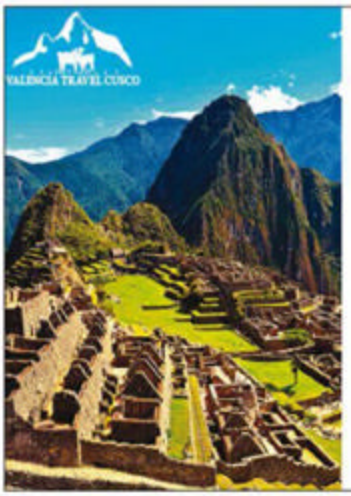
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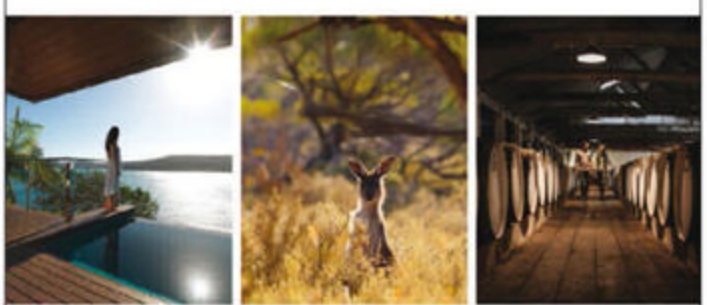


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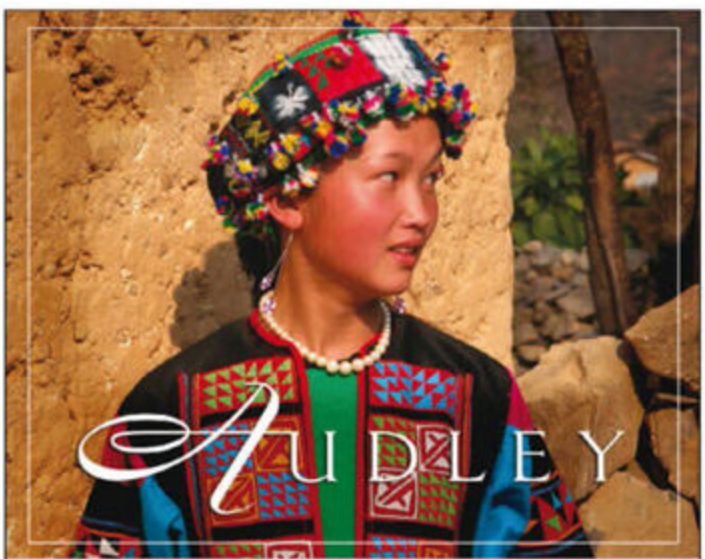
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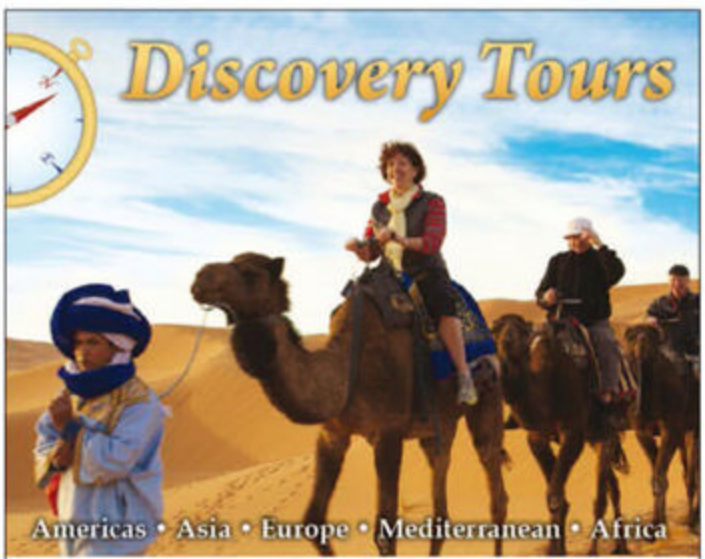
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